Saturday Night

April 10, 1954 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

No discussion of traffic safety can be complete these days without some reference being made to "the human element", and rightly so; the phrase has become a platitude because it is so obvious that the attitude of the driver is easily the most important factor in making roads safe or dangerous for travel. A reckless boor will always be a menace, no matter how many improvements are made in motor vehicles, highways and methods of traffic control. What seems to be ignored, however, is the fact that "the human element" includes not only the people who do the driving but, among others, the people who judge and pass sentence on drivers who break the traffic laws. If the men who hear these cases are complacent about the problem of safety or interpret the laws in terms of conditions that existed ten or twenty years ago, the worthwhile efforts of legislators, engineers and manufacturers will be wasted.

A couple of weeks ago, a magistrate in Ontario ruled that failure to stop at a stop street was careless, not dangerous, driving. The more serious charge had been laid by the police, but the magistrate found the driver guilty only

Alberta Government Photograph

PREMIER ERNEST MANNING: A dividend possible now. *(Page 3)*

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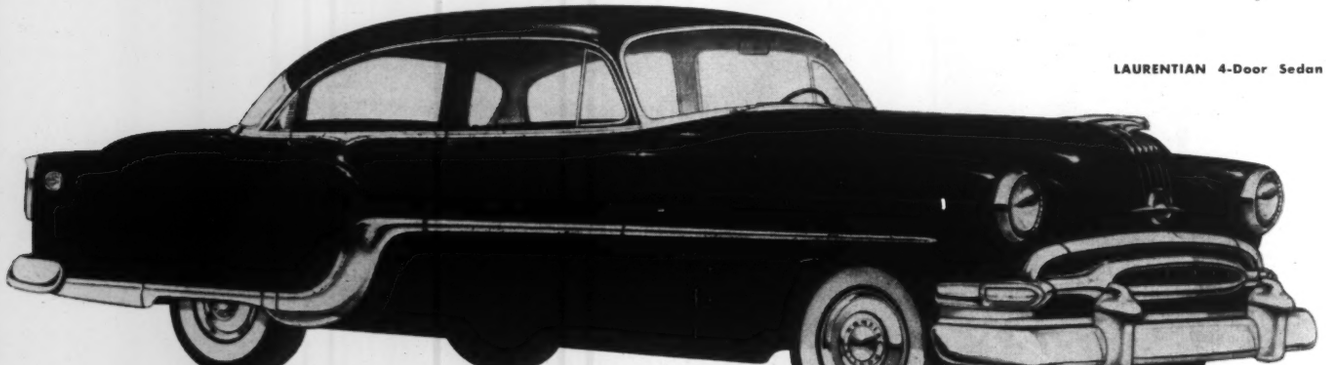

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CANADA'S LARGEST BUICK PONTIAC DEALER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The Front Page

of carelessness, fined him $25 and suspended his licence for seven days "as a deterrent to others to heed stop signs". The decision did not set a precedent. Other magistrates have ruled that ignoring a traffic sign is no more than a minor offence. Perhaps it was, at one time, but those times have long since disappeared, as the Ontario case grimly demonstrated; the man operating the truck that was hit by the "careless" driver was crushed and died of his injuries.

With traffic at its present density, and the number of vehicles increasing every year, each intersection will become a death trap if control lights and signs are not strictly obeyed. Only blind luck saves the irresponsible driver from an accident when he disobeys these signs, and to consider such disobedience to be nothing more serious than carelessness is to invite chaos at each crossing. It may have been fun, years ago, to go wheeling into intersections with carefree abandon, but there is no room on the roads for such humor today; if you are inclined to doubt it, think for a moment of the truck driver who is no longer alive.

Harvest Homes

TECHNICIANS of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, casting about for some way of reducing the huge surpluses of grain in that country, have come up with the ingenious idea of making wallboard out of wheat. We doubt if householders will be enthusiastic, however. While it might be amusing to wisecrack about the amount of dough you put into a place, it would be too nerve-wracking to live in constant fear of visitors actually eating you out of house and home.

Without Sight

LAST WEEK we watched a man setting gauges to be used on the production line of a company manufacturing high-precision parts for aircraft engines. He was working within tolerances of one ten-thousandths of an inch. And he was blind.

His name is Carl Kirk Bennett, and we met him while we were picking up some information about the campaign for funds now being carried out in Toronto and neighboring counties by the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, which is seeking $3,150,000 to put up some badly needed buildings. D. W. Ambridge, President of the Abitibi Power and Paper Company, and general chairman of the Building Fund, described the project as a necessity. "At present, the work of the CNIB is being carried out in five old buildings, some of which are virtual fire-traps," he said. "They are widely scattered over six miles of city streets, which makes efficient operation of work for the blind impossible. The new centre will serve more than 20,000 blind Canadians, 50,000 others who require care to prevent blindness and, in fact, every Canadian who wears eyeglasses." We travelled around the ancient buildings, including the library from which the Institute ships more than a ton of Braille literature and talking-book records each day to blind people across Canada, and then we stood beside the table at which Carl Bennett worked in the Lucas Rotax plant on Scarborough's Golden Mile.

Born in Chattanooga, Tenn., fifty years ago, Mr. Bennett came to Toronto in 1929 to install oxygen and acetylene equipment for the Canadian Gas and Equipment Company and four years later joined Canada Packers Ltd. as plant engineer. He was studying engineering at night and in 1934 graduated from the University of Toronto's extension school of mechanical engineering. After five years of practical experience, he was admitted by the Board of Examiners to the Ontario Association of Professional Engineers. He worked as an engineer in Toronto, the Yukon and, after the war, in Oswego, New York. It was there, following an operation in 1950 to remove a brain tumor, that he lost his sight. During the next six months, the vision in one eye came back to about eight per cent of effectiveness, and he became superintendent of the division of the Oswego Lagoe Corporation devoted to the rebuilding of machine tools, but insurance underwriters in New York State certified that he was "industrially blind" and he had to give up his job. Early last year he returned to Toronto.

"They just wouldn't give a blind man a chance to show what he could do," Mr. Bennett said. "When I came here, I tried selling automotive accessories, with my wife driving me around the city to make calls. It didn't work out. I didn't want to go to the Institute, because it sounded like charity, but things were pretty black and finally I did. I found I had been wrong. I walked into the Institute and things began to happen. Less than a week later I was with Lucas Rotax."

"He talked our kind of language," the company's chief inspector said. "It's a highly skilled job," his foreman added. "It requires intense concentration and very delicate touch. The gauge setting must be perfect, and while 50 to 60 gauges daily was considered average for the job, Carl sets between 60 and 70."

Now he is learning to read Braille and working out a budget with his wife that will enable them to buy their own home some time in the future—his own Building Fund.

Ballard and Jarrett

CARL BENNETT: Concentration and a delicate touch.

Overcrowding

A SCIENTIST has estimated that if the population of the world keeps on growing at the present rate without disturbance from bombs, germs or Martians, there will be standing room only on firm ground by the Year of Our Lord 3954. It is interesting to speculate on the possibility that the world, two thousand years from now, will look like a streetcar during the Christmas rush, but it is nothing more than fantasy, of course. In much less than a couple of milleniums the population will have been thinned out to a reasonable density by the deaths due to frustration and starvation of millions of people caught in endless traffic jams.

Tax Dodging

THERE IS one man who is testing the triumph of beating the Income Tax Department at its own game.

A friend of ours went into business for himself a couple of years ago and, to get himself properly started, he accepted all the jobs he could get without worrying too much whether the fees he got were comfortably higher than the expenses involved. At the end of the first year, he dutifully filled out the income tax forms, conscientiously listing every item of revenue and cost. When the people at the tax office went over his return, they accepted his statement of income, disallowed more than half his expenses and sent him a bill for $230 in unpaid taxes.

Our friend took his rebuff calmly; a wise man, he kept his counsel and refrained from wasting time in futile argument. But any day now the Department of Internal Revenue is going to get a letter that goes like this:

"You may recall that I was assessed $230 in income taxes which I did not owe but which I paid anyway, because anyone with even half a head knows that there is no point in fighting the tax collectors. However, since paying you the $230, exactly 500 days ago, I have faithfully abstained from buying the two packages of cigarettes that I used to smoke each day. At 23 cents (Government tax) per package, you will notice that this comes to exactly $230, which I have banked in the form of 46 cents each day."

Alberta's Dividends

EARLY IN the year, Alberta's Premier Ernest Charles Manning brought joy to Social Crediters everywhere by suggesting that his Government might be able to pay Albertans what he called "citizens' participation dividends". The province's treasury was fat with revenue from natural resources, principally oil, and he was thinking about the possibility of turning some of the money back to the citizens. For a brief, glorious moment, believers in the monetary doctrine of Social Credit were able to recapture the bright vision of twenty years ago, when the party was talking earnestly about relating money to resources and production in such a way as to produce a regular dividend of $25 a month for everyone. They were disillusioned, however, when Mr. Manning brought down his budget early last month; no provision was made for the suggested payments and no tangible forecast made for the future. Later, in the budget debate, the Premier made it clear that Social Credit theory had nothing to do with his idea.

Everyone knows, Mr. Manning said, that payment of the dividends proposed in the doctrine of Social Credit depends on extensive reform of the present monetary system—a reform, of course, which can be carried out only on a national scale. His idea was simply to give individual citizens a direct share of the province's oil wealth, as a means of helping municipal governments. He saw a danger that municipal councils would become "merely spending agencies for provincial wealth", and sharing revenue with individual citizens would give municipalities a better chance to raise for themselves the money they needed.

However much it may have disappointed the more fervid theorists in his party, Mr. Manning's explanation

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neatly choked off the criticism coming from the diminutive opposition in the Legislature and at the same time held out a glittering promise to citizens who might be inclined, in subsequent elections, to strengthen that opposition—a possibility not to be ignored after the victory of a Conservative candidate in the recent by-election in Red Deer, a supposedly safe Social Credit seat. But the amount of money that Mr. Manning suggested might be available for the "participation dividends", $30 million, is much more impressive in the total than in terms of individual payments to the province's 600,000 or so adults.

Despite the loss at Red Deer, however, the Manning Government is in an extremely strong position, as the debate on the budget revealed. When the Liberals nagged him for not lowering taxes, the Premier blandly pointed out that the complaint would better be directed at Ottawa; while the combined total of municipal, school and hospital taxes in Alberta last year was $60 million, the Federal Government took from the province $74 million in personal income tax and $133 million in corporation taxes. Alberta will get back from Ottawa $33 million as a result of the Dominion-provincial agreement on taxation. And so it went with the other critics as they tried to find openings in the Manning armor. But he was well protected by hard figures: there was no decrease in provincial taxes, but there was a big increase in spending on highways, education, public health and welfare; municipal debts were up, but this was due mainly to "Alberta's unparalleled development", and besides the Government had "made money available to them (the municipalities) at low interest".

Confidently, Mr. Manning turned from the budget to other things—stricter traffic control, arrangements for the export of natural gas and the routine of running the affairs of a province. The dividend remained as an ace that could be played in the future.

A Word for Dandelions

ONE OF OUR favorite bed-time books through the long, cold winter has been a seed catalogue, but it wasn't until the other night, when we got around to making up our list of seeds to be purchased, that we made a notable discovery: the dandelion, once the pest of the lawn, is now the delight of the herbaceous border. We are all in favor of this. In fact, last summer we decided to found a Society for the Proper Appreciation and Nurture of Dandelions, but because we went at it in a desultory manner our organization never really developed on a sound national basis. We are glad that the seed houses have taken up where we failed.

For the dandelion (*taraxacum officinale*) is a virtuous plant and worthy of serious cultivation. The fresh young leaves make tasty greens or a colorful and aromatic addition to the salad bowl. The old herbalists tell us that it is a laxative and tonic, especially useful in liver complaints. As if this were not enough, an excellent coffee can be brewed from the roots—and we will say nothing of the ambrosial qualities of a proper distillation of the plant. The seed catalogue says: "It is one of the earliest spring vegetables and is much prized as a blood purifier . . . unsurpassed for early spring greens . . . leaves can be blanched . . . remains over winter. If the roots are not disturbed, they will grow again."

This last was a bit of a surprise to us. We had always been under the impression that the more we disturbed them, the more lush was the growth. In any case, the seed catalogue has emancipated us from the back-breaking labor of spudding them out of the lawn or treating them with chemicals. We've tried those methods. If everyone for miles around had done likewise, we might have had a lawn as green as an undertaker's artificial sward. It was the folly of trying to rid our lawn of dandelions that made us decide to cultivate them, on the theory that if you can't defeat the enemy, you come to terms with him. Now with the backing of the nursery-men, we intend to let the dandelion run riot, and when someone makes derisive remarks about the good crop on our lawn, we shall come back at him with chapter and verse from herbal and catalogue.

Confidential Clerk

ALL SCOTSMEN are canny, of course, and when the Scotsmen are lawyers the extent of the canniness becomes well-nigh incredible. This being so, we'd give a great deal to know what was in the mind of the lawyers who recently put this advertisement in the Glasgow *Herald*: "Solicitors have vacancy for girl; experience preferred, not necessarily legal."

The Flock-Watchers

GIVING UP the struggle against the vagueness of mind and spirit that comes each year with the approach of Spring (the real Spring, not the phoney one that the meteorologists try to foist on us), we wandered into the Royal York the other day to find out what we could about the business of wool-gathering. The Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers were holding their annual convention, and we sought out George O'Brien, the general manager of the organization.

There were something like a million sheep in Canada, Mr. O'Brien said, "mostly on the western prairie and in the Rockies, where some flocks run as high as 3,500 head". Each sheep turns out approximately seven and a half pounds of wool a year, and a normal lamb at birth can look forward to six or seven years of placid industry if it escapes the occupational hazards — cougars, coyotes, chop-lovers and such-like—of being a tasty dish as well as a wool producer. The shepherds look after their flocks pretty well, however, and the biggest disturbance of the sheep's routine comes during the Spring, the time of shearing. "Most sheep object to it strenuously," Mr. O'Brien said. "They're like children getting a haircut, but they forget about it quickly once it's done."

Things don't change much in the sheep business, it seems, and 20th century shepherds spend months in solitude with their flocks. One owner in British Columbia likes the life so much that every year he rides out in

Herb Nott

GEORGE O'BRIEN

the Spring and he and his horse stay out until the Fall. On the prairies, we learnt, some shepherds live in covered wagons. "It's a life you have to be particularly adapted for," Mr. O'Brien mused. So that sheep from different flocks can be told apart, eastern sheep carry clips on their ears but western owners use indelible fluid to stamp initials on the sides of the freshly-shorn animals.

In Eastern Canada, one delegate told us, the problems of sheep-raising include fences and dogs. There isn't the rangeland that exists in the West, stout fences are needed to keep the inquisitive sheep at home, and fencing costs money. In some sections, too, dogs that are not properly cared for by their owners start running wild and become sheep-killers.

At that point, the Wool Growers started to get together for a discussion of prices and we made our way back to the office, hoping for a restful few minutes before venturing out into rush-hour traffic. But it wasn't to be; we found ourself counting shepherds.

Inside and Out

AT LEAST one school trustee was disturbed by what Professor Clive Parry, an Englishman, now lecturing on public international law at Harvard, had to say about British and North American schools during a speech in Toronto a couple of weeks ago. They were very bad in the United States, he said, "really very good" in England, and "I suspect, indifferent" in Canada. The trustee called us and spluttered, "What does he mean, the schools are indifferent? We're building the most modern schools anywhere, with gymnasiums, floor-to-ceiling glass and everything." He went on to quote construction costs per pupil, light-meter readings and a whole lot of other statistics, and he seemed to be enjoying his indignation so much that we just didn't have the heart to suggest that possibly Professor Parry was talking about what went on within all those wonderful walls.

Hobbled Reporters

ONE THE PHRASE "freedom of the press" is one that is often abused, as much by publishers, editors and writers as by people who have less of a duty to use it with reason and precise meaning. It is easy to wave the flag of press freedom whenever some slight inconvenience disturbs newspapers and other publications—so easy that the phrase becomes tiresome by repetition and meaningless in its application. But tiresome or not, what it properly describes is a process as vital to the liberty of an enlightened nation as air and water are to life itself, and no effort to limit that process can be tolerated.

It may happen that responsible people with the best of intentions act in such a way that the press is seriously hampered in doing its job of keeping the public properly informed, but the good intention does not make the occurrence a lesser offence against freedom. How simply this sort of thing can come about has been demonstrated recently in the case of the Ottawa editor of *Maclean's*, Blair Fraser. As a result of an article he wrote about politics in British Columbia he was sued for libel. Of that we have nothing to say, but he was ordered by the province's Supreme Court to reveal the sources of his information. He refused and appealed the decision. The Appeal Court rejected the appeal. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of Canada, which decided against hearing Fraser's argument. Thus three courts ruled, in effect, that a reporter must be prepared to disclose his sources.

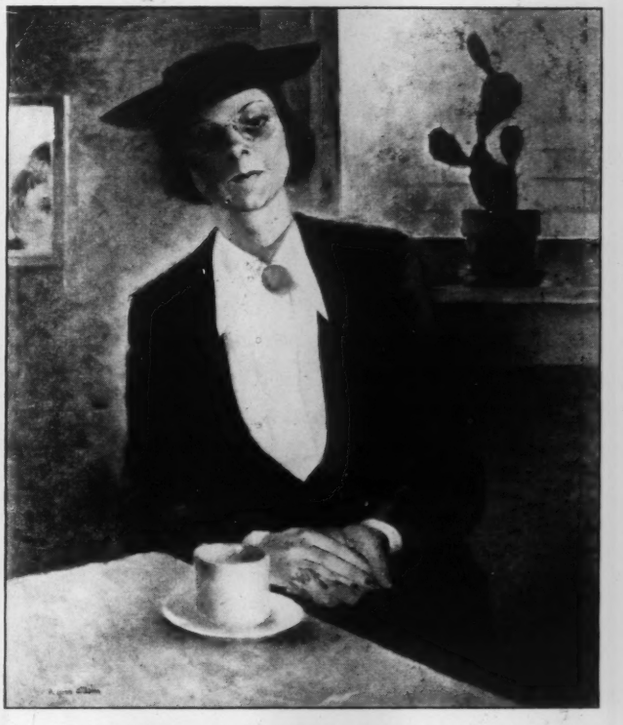
I. Norman Smith stated the case admirably in the Ottawa *Journal*: "Will knowledgeable people talk as freely to reporters if they know that there is an open chance they may be haled into court? . . . (They) will be more hesitant to pass on their knowledge, especially if it is in any way critical or revealing of wrongdoing. The press will be forced more and more to use only the hand-out pap of authorities in power. Press and public will be blinkered. . . Many a time have tips of wrongdoing been purposely given to the press, and from the press they get raised in parliament, legislature or city council". The same danger was seen by W. M. Nickle, the Kingston lawyer and MPP, who pleaded in the Ontario Legislature the other day for some legal protection for the sources of journalistic information. Mr. Nickle pointed out that there is adequate provision in the law for a suit for damages by anyone who thought he had been libelled, without forcing a reporter to expose his informants.

How Canadians Behave Themselves

Modern Manners As Seen By the Artists

A CANDID LOOK AT A TORONTO BEER PARLOR.

Satire is a rare commodity in Canadian art. "Saturday Night", by Franklin Arbuckle, has a theme and an incisive characterization that would have delighted Hogarth. Painted in 1939, this bright satirical comment on the social scene is now in the collection of Robert W. Finlayson, vice-president of the Art Gallery of Toronto.



DEFLATING A FALSE SENSE OF IMPORTANCE.

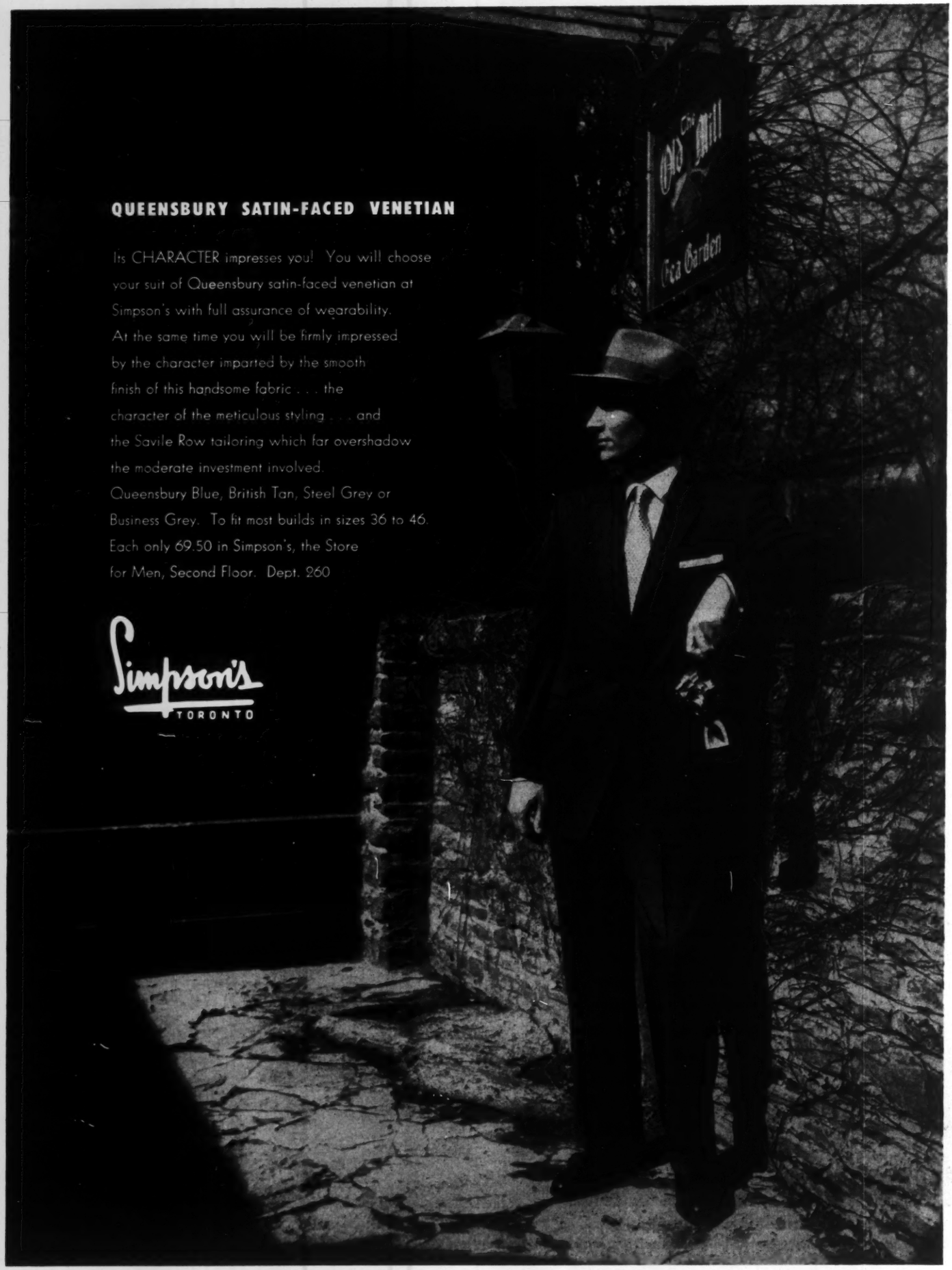
This brittle portrait, "Welfare Worker", is by R. York Wilson. The criticism of snobbery implied in every line so impressed welfare agencies that prints of it were hung in offices to illustrate what public health nurses and social workers should not be.

THE RAW MATERIAL OF HUMAN COMEDY.

Franklin Arbuckle's "Trolley-Car Madonna" catches the earthy flavor of street-car travel in Toronto. A resident of Montreal, Arbuckle has become a leading commercial illustrator.

"MIDNIGHT AT CHARLIE'S", BOREDOM IN A FAMILIAR SETTING.

Winnipeg-born William Winter prowls city streets in search of themes. A face, a back fence or the lunch pail of a factory worker may suggest a visual commentary to him. This painting, he says, "is a composite of all the 'greasy-spoons' across Canada".



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Newfoundland Journal Restored to Canada

By R. S. LAMBERT

AUSTRALIA has enriched our history by first preserving, and now generously restoring to us, a priceless record of early travel in this country. In 1886 the hundred-page handwritten journal of Sir Joseph Banks, King George III's favorite scientist, recounting his six months' tour of Newfoundland in 1766, was auctioned off in London for a few shillings and vanished from ken. Later, it came into the possession of the Royal Geographical Society (South Australian Branch) which has this winter sent copies over here to be deposited in our National Archives and with the Government of Newfoundland.

Banks was a key figure in promoting the peaceful growth of the British Empire. As all-powerful President of the Royal Society for over thirty years, he was responsible for many important projects of exploration and development. Banks sailed with Captain Cook on his first voyage around the world. He sent Captain Bligh out on his South Sea voyage in the mutinous *Bounty*. He commissioned Mungo Park to explore the Niger River in Africa. He drafted the first proposals for sending a convict settlement to Botany Bay, and supplied Australia with her first merino sheep. At home he organized the famous Botanical Gardens at Kew.

It was his interest in botany that led Banks to make his trip to Newfoundland in 1766. He was only 23 at the time and longed for adventure. On April 7, 1766, he sailed as naturalist on a small fishery protection vessel, HMS *Niger,* commanded by Sir Thomas Adams, for the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. Early in May he landed at St. John's, which only four years previously had been the scene of fierce fighting between English and French.

The young scientist was unflattering in his comments. "St. John's cannot be compared to any place I have seen. It is built upon the side of a hill facing the harbor, containing two or three hundred houses and near as many fish flakes interspersed, which in summertime cause a stench scarce to be supported. For dirt and filth of all kinds St. John's may in my opinion reign unrivalled. There is no regular street, consequently no pavement. Offals of fish of all kinds are strewed about. As everything here smells of fish, you cannot get anything that doesn't taste of it. Hogs can scarce be kept from it by any care, and when they have got it are by far the filthiest meat I have ever met with. Poultry of all kinds are infinitely more fishy than the worst tame duck that ever was sold for a wild one in Lincolnshire. The very cows eat the fish offal, and are fishy."

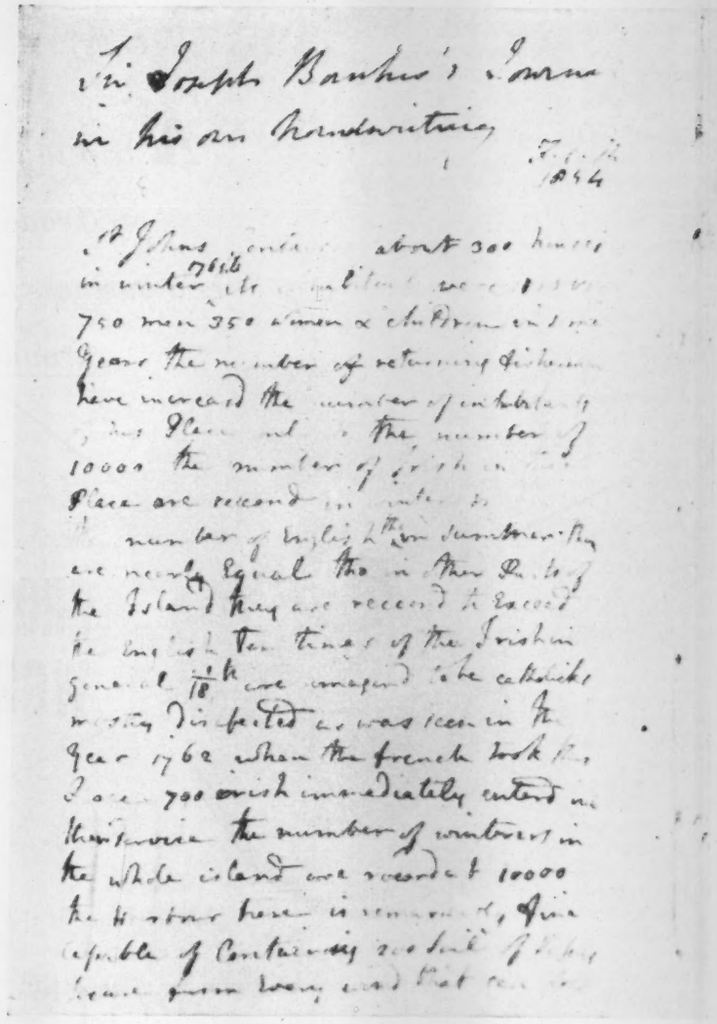
St. John's had a winter population of 1,100, predominantly male and Irish, but in summer, when the local fishermen brought in their catch, this might swell to 10,000. The inhabitants were decidedly lukewarm in their allegiance to Britain, no doubt because the Governors sent out from Whitehall were still only summer residents, who did their best to deter settlers and fishermen from wintering on the Island.

During Banks's stay the Coronation of George III was celebrated in St. John's. The British frigate *Guernsey* "was dressed up for the occasion and, if I may compare great things with small, looked like a pedlar's basket at the Horse Races, where ribbons of divers colors fly in the wind fastened to yard wands. Afterwards we were all invited to a Ball given by our Governor, when the want of ladies was so great that my washerwoman and her sister were there by formal invitation. But what surprised us most was that after dancing we were conducted to a really elegant supper set out with all kinds of wines and Italian liqueurs, to the great endearment of the ladies, who ate and drank to some purpose."

Most of Banks's time was given to the study of botany. He listed the local trees and shrubs, collected and dried specimens of plants and berries, caught butterflies, shot birds, fished for trout and salmon, netted crabs and lobsters, and identified insects. He and his friend Lieutenant Phipps tramped the countryside to find bears, tried to tame a porcupine, watched a sea-otter at play with its young, sought unsuccessfully to track down the origin of "Newfoundland dogs".

Their ship sailed slowly up the east coast of Newfoundland past Trinity Bay, Fogo Island and Canada Bay to the Strait of Belle Isle and Chateau Bay, Labrador. Banks made frequent side trips in open boats, often passing many days without taking his clothes off and sleeping out in the open. On most of these trips he suffered severely from sea-sickness, and in July he was laid up for a month with a fever which sadly curtailed his activities.

But his thirst for information was quenchless. He was particularly keen to study the "Esquimaux Indians" as he called them—by which he meant the primitive Boeothuk tribes that inhabited the interior of Newfoundland. Already they were nearly extinct, reduced to a mere 500 in number, and bitterly hostile to Europeans. Banks



A PAGE from the diary of Sir Joseph Banks.

describes their folding birch-bark canoes, their "puddings" made of seabird eggs and deer hair, and their extraordinary trick of shooting four arrows in swift sequence from one bow.

He was specially interested in their scalping. "Their method is different from the Canadian, they not being content with the hair, but skinning the whole face, at least as far as the upper lip. I have a scalp of this kind which was taken from one Sam Frye, a fisherman, who they shot in the water as he attempted to swim off to his ship from them. They kept this scalp a year, but the features were so well preserved that when, upon a party of them being pursued the next summer, they dropped it, it was immediately known to be the scalp of the identical Sam Frye who was killed the year before."

Commodore Palliser of the *Guernsey* frigate told Banks of an episode the previous summer (1765) which illustrates the fear inspired by Boeothuk scalpers. "One dark night in a thick fog the ship's company were alarmed by a noise they had not before heard. It came nearer and nearer, grew louder and louder. The first lieutenant was called up. He was the only man in the ship who had ever seen the Esquimaux. Immediately he heard the noise he declared he remembered it well. It was the war whoop of the Esquimaux, who were certainly coming in their canoes to board the ship, and cut all their throats. The Commodore was acquainted. Up he bundled on deck, ordered ship to be cleared for engaging all hands to great guns, put arms in the tops, and everything in as good order as if a French man-of-war of equal force was within half a mile bearing down on them. The *Niger,* which lay at some distance from them, was hailed and told the Indians were coming — when the 'enemy' appeared, in the shape of a troop of whobbies (loons) swimming and flying about the Harbor, which from the darkness of the night they had not before seen!"

Near Chateau Bay, Banks visited an island which was conjectured to have been the scene of a tragedy. He was shown there a vast pile of whalebone, stacked in regular layers and estimated to have been worth £20,000 before it began to decay. It had apparently been left by Danish whalers returning from Greenland who, being attacked by the Boeothuks, cached their treasure here and then sought in vain to escape from their enemies. When Banks saw it, the whalebone pile had decayed to a consistency resembling black birch-bark—so the tragedy must have taken place

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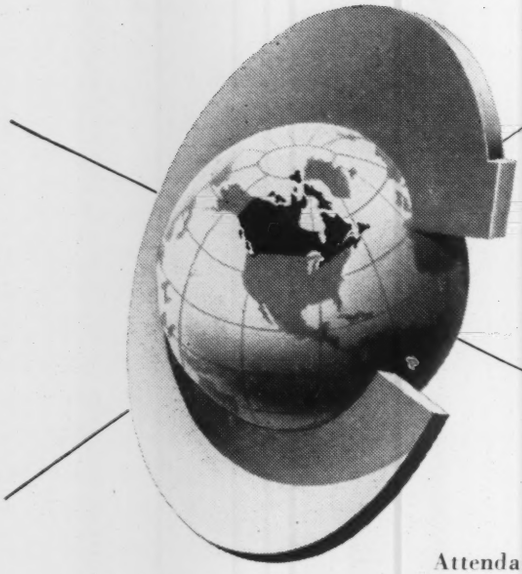

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at least a generation before his visit.

Banks was convinced that the Newfoundland fisheries had a great future. He therefore made a careful study of the French and English methods of catching, curing, drying and marketing their cod. The English had the bigger vessels, he found, with more men and oars and better equipment. Their catch was larger and their curing methods were more thorough.

But the French were the neater in their methods and extracted a better quality of "train oil" from fish livers. Banks describes the French method of "jigging" for fish, but says it was too laborious for the English fishermen to adopt!

The French had also invented an ingenious refinement for performing the skilled operation of fish splitting. This was generally done by ships' officers, who wanted to avoid fouling their clothing. So "they have a case made of bark, to cover them from their chins to their heels, which constantly stands over their stools on the splitting table. Into this they creep and, putting on sleeves and large woollen gloves, split the fish in a manner without touching it."

Banks also gives in his Journal detailed descriptions of sealing, whaling and walrus-hunting. As a fisherman, he was not very successful at "trouting", and apparently did not try his hand at salmon. But he did catch, from his ship, a monster halibut, measuring six feet eleven inches long, and weighing 284 pounds. This, he notes, was only 14 pounds less than the ox roasted to feed the ship's crew the day they sailed from Plymouth.

Many culinary sidelights lend a delightful flavor to the diary. Banks gives a recipe for making fish chowder, "the chief food of the poor here, and when well made a luxury that the rich even in England, at least in my opinion, might be fond of. It is certainly the best method of dressing the cod, which is not near so firm here as in London."

He discovered that "their greatest delicacy in the fish way is a small fish called here Capelin, in appearance not unlike a smelt, though scarcely half as large". One wonders if the method of kippering capelin was the same in Banks's time as it is today?

On the liquid side, Banks does not fail to record recipes for spruce beer, callibogus, and other appetizing drinks. It is fascinating to speculate whether Banks, when in later life he presided over the annual banquets of the Royal Society in London, ever called for inclusion on the menu of any of these Newfoundland items!

This eighteenth century diary will, when published, take its place as a minor Canadian classic.

•

Night Tide

Night is a tide, setting full:
Black ocean brims the sandy shales of crusted day,
Keels, gently cradled, rock from the burdened waste of afternoons,
And ships slide silent bows across the swaying sea
Where darkness shivers glistening in the wind.

PETER WAITE

Birth of a Newspaper: The Amazing Mirror

By HUGH CUDLIPP

THE DAILY MIRROR was a bad idea.

Northcliffe's.

"Failure," he had written, "is not in our vocabulary"; then, when time healed punctured pride, the failure was conceded.

"No newspaper," said Northcliffe, "was ever started with such a boom. I advertised it everywhere. If there was anyone in the United Kingdom not aware that the *Daily Mirror* was to be started he must have been deaf, dumb, blind, or all three." The birth took place in the *Daily Mail* offices in Carmelite Street, London, on a November Sunday night; six days before —in the land of the deaf, the dumb, and the blind—the readers of *Punch* were warned in an advertisement that the first daily newspaper for gentlewomen was about to burst upon the waiting world.

Alfred Harmsworth had to this date known only success. George Newnes and Arthur Pearson were licking their wounds after a three-cornered heavyweight contest with no holds barred in the magazine ring; the *Evening News*, bought for £25,000 in 1894, was making money; the *Daily Mail*, which he had created, was expanding its profits and had achieved the world's largest sale. The future Lord Northcliffe was powerful, assured: about to make a major miscalculation.

The idea was simple: a daily newspaper produced by ladies of breeding from the high-class weeklies for ladies with the desire to ape new fashions, the leisure to hunt and travel, and the means to squander a thousand pounds a year on luxury. In Northcliffe's philosophy of life there were vices worse than snobbery; the lower middle-classes, he felt, owed him a living. Was this not the formula, and were these not the people who had already brought him wealth and influence?

Though later he acknowledged how wrong he had been in launching "so mad a frolic as a paper for ladies", it was with pride and confidence that he sounded the fanfare in the first hopeful issue:

> All that experience can do in shaping it has already been done. The last feather of its wings is adjusted, so that I have now only to open the door of the cage and ask your good wishes for the flight.

This newspaper was to be different. Cookery and fashion were to be taught in new ways. The *Daily Mirror* was going to be entertaining without being frivolous, serious without being dull—and it would deal with everything from the stitching of a flounce to changes in Imperial defence.

"The hideous fashion plate will find no place in the *Mirror*," said Sir George Sutton, favored man in the Harmsworth empire. "Our pictures will be studies from life, showing the dress actually being worn. Every recipe will be tested by expert chefs. We shall study the requirements of the girl bachelor; the use of the chafing dish—or cookery above stairs, as it is sometimes called—will be fully dealt with. Information on society functions will be provided by the people concerned, not merely professional reporters."

The ladies, the expert chefs, the society informants, and the writer of the leaderette in French failed, and statistics cruelly etch the detail of their disaster. The first issue of the paper for gentlewomen broke records with a circulation of 265,217 copies, and the founder boasted that with enough printing presses he could have sold several million. The second issue "exceeded 143,000", the seventh fell short of 100,000, and within three months the elegant customers had dwindled to a garden party of 24,000.

There were not enough gentlewomen. Or if there were, they were not interested in what the gentlewomen who wrote the *Mirror* had to tell them.

Alfred Harmsworth had surrounded himself with people who did not consider it their first duty to expose his misjudgments, but here was an error which the originator was obliged to perceive for himself. The baby was dying in its father's arms.

He had invited the British public to a diet of *consommé aux nids d'hirondelles*, followed by sole in white wine with mushrooms and truffles; the readers were told how to make these lavish delicacies. Also recorded in the first issue, but only briefly, was an inquest on a fourteen-year-old orphan girl of Oswaldtwistle who lost one eye and went blind in the other. She had been sacked from the mill and had committed suicide during temporary insanity, for the child had no prospect of earning her living again. The paper for gentlewomen made no comment.

The *Mirror*, which was to deprive its founder of $100,000, was rubbish and the readers knew it. Harold, the future first Lord Rothermere, drew his brother's attention to the sorry tale recorded in the ledgers: a melancholic duty he chose to forget twenty-one years later when he referred to the paper's foundation as "a stroke of inspiration".

The imperturbable Mrs. Mary Howarth, who had been taken from the *Mail* to edit the new paper at fifty pounds a month, returned to her former work. Northcliffe sent for Hamilton Fyfe and told him that he had learnt two things, "that women can't write and don't want to read".

The situation called for a newspaper doctor. Fyfe became Editor, and Kennedy Jones, also called in, decided that "the monstrous regiment of women" must go.

"You can't imagine the things I had to blue-pencil," he told his friends. "Two people acting at Drury Lane got married and went on acting as usual—they didn't go away for a honeymoon. The paragraph about this ended: 'The usual performance took place in the evening.'" When a letter about French affairs was sent daily from Paris the original headline, written by a lady, was set up in type but did not appear: it was changed to "Yesterday in Paris". Women journalists, as Hamilton Fyfe remarked long afterwards, are not so ingenuous now.

There was a further delaying factor in production: the anxiety of compositors to make-up a page, and remake up a page, under the appraising eye of elegant women in low-cut evening gowns who had just returned from the theatre to supervise the assembling of their works of art in the mechanical department.

Fyfe wrote most of the leaders and the brilliant Alexander Kenealy joined him to organize the news, stunts and "talking points", succeeding Fyfe as Editor in 1907. The despondent Northcliffe, losing $500 with every issue until this new combination started work, now saw the fortunes of his offspring change for the better.

To Fyfe fell the distasteful task of sacking the women, and the rape of the Sabines wasn't in it. "They begged to be allowed to stay," he recalled. "They left little presents on my desk. They waylaid me tearfully in the corridors. It was a horrid experience, like drowning kittens."

The *Mirror* was born in 1903. Where, during that first tremulous year, were the three men who were to become entangled in its adventures over the coming half century?

Winston Spencer Churchill, who was to write for its companion paper after his departure from the Admiralty in the First World War, who was to use the *Mirror* as his platform in 1939, chafe at its criticisms of his Cabinet in 1942, and sue it for libel in 1951, was twenty-nine years old. He had left the 4th Hussars to embark upon a political career in the Oldham constituency.

Herbert Morrison, who was to write for the *Mirror* in 1939, threaten its suppression in 1942, and subsequently seek its political aid, was a perky fifteen-year-old with an unruly quiff which would not consent to be combed into position. He was still under the influence of his parents, a Tory-minded policeman and a former housemaid, at 240 Ferndale Road, Brixton. He had left the Lingham Street Church of England School the year before, had worked as an errand boy and shop assistant,' and was looking forward to his new job as a telephonist at Whitbread's Brewery.

Harry Guy Bartholomew, the paper's leading spirit in later turbulent years, was about to become assistant art editor.

Mr. Arkas Sapt was a resourceful technician and the Editor of one of Northcliffe's minor publications: he was also the midwife who revived the puny *Mirror* by turning it upside down, holding it up by the feet, and slapping it heartily on the back.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE was caricatured as the Napoleon of the Press.

(This is the first of eight excerpts from the highly successful book "Publish and Be Damned"—pp. 292, indexed—S. J. Reginald Saunders—$2.75—in which Hugh Cudlipp relates the history of one of the world's most amazing newspapers, the "Daily Mirror". The second instalment will appear in next week's issue.)

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Letter from Washington

The Troubles of Mr. Dulles

By Max Freedman

IT WAS ALWAYS much easier for Dean Acheson to get a vote of confidence from the North Atlantic Community than from the members of Congress. Secretary of State Dulles has pondered that lesson and been quick to draw the appropriate conclusion. He plans never to lose touch with the dominant sense of Congress. Now there is wisdom in this policy. The world still remembers the tragedy that fell on its hopes for peace when Woodrow Wilson mistook the temper of the American people and the Senate turned against the League of Nations. But there must be some middle ground between reckless independence by the Secretary of State and his servile deference to the prejudices of Congress.

I am afraid that no Secretary of State, under the conditions now imposed on American foreign policy, can hope to be very popular. He must do his duty without reference to the Gallup Poll and abide the verdict of time with tranquil trust in the wisdom of his leadership. Since he accepted the office on which he set his heart long years ago, Mr. Dulles, except for one or two brief flickers of courage, has made few brave gestures or bold experiments.

That means, in terms of policy, that Mr. Dulles will continue to be suspicious of Russian ambition and will make the inclusion of Germany in the European Army one of the central aims of the United States. In the Far East there will continue to be a harsh quarantine of China tempered somewhat by an occasional breath of sanity whenever Mr. Dulles believes that Congress is too busy with other matters to notice what is happening. In the Middle East Mr. Dulles will have virtually a free hand except where his policies happen to collide with the interests of Israel. With Canada, of course, there will be no essential change. It is ludicrous to believe that Canadian - American friendship can seriously be affected by the whims and mischances of party politics; and that remains true even after the tragic stupidities of the Gouzenko affair.

I must say that it took courage for Mr. Dulles to remove personnel matters in the State Department from the grasp of R. W. Scott McLeod and to limit his duties for the future to security problems. Mr. McLeod, a close friend of Senator McCarthy and Senator Bridges, had first been appointed out of deference to Congress. Since then he has been a scourge in the State Department, arousing many quarrels, and doing much to degrade its morale to the lowest point it has ever reached. Mr. Dulles conveniently made the announcement about Mr. McLeod's diminished powers while he was in Caracas attending a conference of Latin-American states. He hoped the anger and criticism would be much less acute by the time he returned.

You have heard a good deal about the "new look" in foreign policy. Most people in Washington believe it is in danger of being no more than a bewildered grimace. Even in a dictatorship, as we have seen in Russia since Stalin's death, it is very hard to change a country's foreign policy. That is even more true of any democracy. It was all very well for Mr. Dulles to say that the National Security Council had made the "basic decision" to rely upon massive and instant retaliation, at times and places of America's own choosing, in the event of another war. That policy will become binding and effective only after it has been fully approved by public opinion and been ratified by Congress. As yet there has been very little debate, and even that limited discussion has found the State Department apologetic and defensive.

Wide-World
SENATOR PAUL DOUGLAS: Crude.

Mr. Dulles made his announcement without prior or adequate consultation with America's allies. The allied ambassadors have now received the most detailed and explicit assurances which have removed fears that the United States is flourishing the atomic bomb as the major instrument of national policy. Every responsible official in Washington knows that an atomic war with Russia will produce, in Robert Hutchins's phrase, "not one Rome but two Carthages", and it therefore remains the governing motive of American policy, regardless of tantrums and hysterics, to exhaust all avenues of conciliation and to avoid any program which would thrust an intolerable strain on NATO. In that fundamental sense, there has been no change since Mr. Acheson's day; the free world should be grateful for that continuity of policy.

As now explained, Mr. Dulles's policy amounts to little more than saying that the United States is somewhat more ready than in the past to take risks in order to prevent the military initiative from long continuing with the aggressor nation that strikes the first blow. The American Government never intended to drop an atomic bomb on Indo-China, nor has it any desire to convert every local war into a world struggle by bombing Russia or China. Mr. Dulles's rhetoric must be discounted sharply before the practical objectives of American policy can be understood. His strident and spectacular adjectives provide no safe guide.

I must add that the Democrats have no more coherent policy towards Indo-China than have the bewildered Republicans. But the Democrats, in an election year, hope to win votes by chattering about Indo-China just as the Republicans were helped to victory by keeping alive the Korean issue. It also came as a shock and disappointment to see so distinguished and honorable a leader of the Democratic party as Senator Douglas stoop to the crudest kind of electioneering in his bid for re-election in Illinois. He has proposed a resolution asking the United States to remove diplomatic recognition from all countries behind the Iron Curtain. There are, as you know, many Czechs and Poles and Baltic peoples in Illinois. But Senator Douglas should not try to embarrass American foreign policy in this way. Fortunately, everyone saw through his design and he himself had the decency to be ashamed of his speech. But it is worth remembering that the Democrats are no saints and are practising many mischievous tricks of their own.

I am not alone in this city in feeling grateful to Prime Minister St. Laurent for explaining the motives of American policy so clearly and so bravely in his speech at New Delhi. That speech was worth making even though, as the debate on Pakistan soon proved, it had plainly failed to disarm or even to abate Mr. Nehru's prejudices. On no issue is the State Department so blundering and so dangerously wrong as in its estimate of Indian policy. Many officials speak as if the United States should be tolerant towards India because of India's membership in the Commonwealth. They utterly fail to understand that it may be the destiny of the Commonwealth to unite the free peoples of Asia with the West in honor and equality. American policy is merely widening the differences that separate New Delhi from Washington.

But the fears which plague many Canadians will, I predict, never come to pass. President Rhee will not be encouraged to resume the Korean war. Chiang Kai-shek will not burst from Formosa to renew the Chinese civil war. The North Atlantic Community will not be disrupted by American violence or American bluster. The United States will continue as the shield and sanctuary of freedom.

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INQUIRIES INVITED

The Social Scene

An Afternoon at the Art Gallery

By Hugh Garner

EARLY EVERY SPRING, about the time we switch to a lighter coat and a lighter ale, we conceive a fleeting yen to acquire a cultural finish. This seasonal lapse usually leads us to the Toronto Art Gallery rather than the opera or ballet, for to us culture has always been associated, for some unknown reason, with painting. We made our annual visit yesterday, and wish to report here and now that there's nothing wrong with Canada's culture that a few buyers and sponsors wouldn't cure.

Armed with a program, an attitude of artistic appreciation, and a few stock phrases such as "pyramiding of the subject matter", "fine conception", and "marvellous organization", we began our pilgrimage through the galleries, hoping to meet another uninformed culture vulture with whom we could exchange artistic phraseology. We didn't, of course, and never have, and so we are forced once again to wrap our phraseology in the tissue paper from last year's Marilyn Monroe calendar and save it for *le printemps prochain*.

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OPEN NIGHT at the Gallery.

A painting is something to be savored at leisure, and not imbibed in big gulps, and by the time we have traversed the walls of the first two rooms counter-clockwise we are fed up with paintings and wish we had taken in the fifth revival of a Mary Miles Minter picture now playing, along with the epic *Swine of the Gestapo*, at a Yonge St. scratch-house. However, these first two rooms are enough to give us a thin coating of culture that covers us like the Duco on a Model A Ford, and it's bound to wash off with the rains that follow the vernal equinox.

Unburdened as we are with any critical paraphernalia we enjoyed many of the paintings, especially "Rainy Day, Côte D'Azur" by Virginia Luz, "Spanish Buildings" by William Roberts, and "Nude" by Hilton Hassell. We are always frustrated in our study of nudes by the untimely intervention of several well-padded ladies who are either the visiting wives of blackboard-eraser manufacturers or members of the Port Burwell Arthur Godfrey Fan Club. We are never sure whether their tut-tutting is aimed at the nude painting or at us, and we sneak into the next room and pretend to be equally absorbed in a still-life showing two tomatoes, a chafing dish and a dog-eared copy of *Paradise Lost*.

By this time we are interested far more in our fellow art-lovers than we are in the art on the walls, and we pick a spot in the middle of the room and watch them dawdle by, intrigued by their looks, mannerisms, and conversation. They come in two stock sizes, the regular "We'll see them all if it kills us" size, and the large economy "Art for art's sake" size, the latter usually topped with a wide cocktail hat. Some sub-species of the *genus artisticum* are gaunt ladies wearing Spanish shawls and flat heels, bald-headed fat men with beards, and young neo-Rosicrucians wearing checkered vests and with a Cromwellian gleam in their eye. The unsuccessful male artists wear tweeds while their female companions wear corduroy skirts; on the other hand, the successful males wear corduroys and their wives wear Harris tweed suits. The switch from tweeds to corduroy, plus a short haircut, is the only infallible way of spotting a successful artist.

We had successfully negotiated a gallery in which were displayed many fine landscapes by the late J. S. Hallam, and had paused before a large Tom Hodgson abstract when a stentorian female voice demanded in our ear, "Where's its face?" Expecting to be confronted with the superintendent of a woman's reformatory at least, and at the same time making sure our own face was in its usual place, we turned around and found ourself *vis-à-vis* with a dowager with blue-tinted hair and wearing a mink stole. She put us back among the proletariat with a withering glance and asked the question again, this time glaring impatiently at a female menial who was accompanying her as her program-bearer. This unfortunate skivvy said soothingly, "The title of it, ma'am, is 'Bell Buoy'. Spelled B-U-O-Y."

By means of stealthy circumgyration we once more found ourselves alone before Hilton Hassell's "Nude", but before we could give it more than a cursory glance there was the sound

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of teen-age tittering from the middle of the room. We strolled away from it and peered intently at William Winter's name on his painting "The Pink Fence", slithering from it to a studied appraisal of "Beach Fire No. 2" by Harold Town. The tittering continued, so we turned and stared at the titterers. Sure enough there were two young girls wearing saddle shoes and carrying school-bags, giggling on each others' shoulders. Summoning our sternest middle-aged manner, we marched up to them and said, "She may be somebody's mother, girls!" There was a breathless silence as we walked away, which exploded into howls of vulgar laughter as we left the room.

Next to the know-it-alls, the titterers, and the "Why don't they paint as good as Norman Rockwell" critics, the worst art gallery visitors are the "Look, it's just like Uncle Alec's place in Muskoka!" characters. We were unfortunate enough to be followed by two of these birds (a male and a fema'e) around a who'e room full of paintings. "Winter Landscape" by Dennis Henry Osborne reminded the male bird of the mouth of Etobicoke Creek, Paraskeva Clark's "Garden Gate" reminded the hen of her backyard following the big blizzard of 1944, and "St. George" by Tom Roberts reminded both of them of a cute little hotel in the Laurentians where they had stayed while skiing the year that Donnie and Margo were married, or maybe it was the year before. I tore myself away from this ambulatory biographical travelogue and rushed into another room, only to find myself an over-age member of an art appreciation class being conducted by a lady attired in buckskin wedgies, a black dress and a draped Spanish shawl.

The legitimate class members were sitting on chairs facing a wall hung with four paintings, and the teacher was saying, "This one is what we call a naturalistic painting, children. See the frying pan; you can see that it is rusty, can't you?" The children said yes. "What else about the picture do you notice?" One little girl said, "The sun is shining through the window". "Yes, very good, Natalie!" A boy in the first row put up his hand, "It is morning," he said. "How do you know?" the teacher asked, leaving herself wide open. "Because the dirty dishes have been left in the sink." She took another look at the picture, "Y-e-a-s," she acknowledged slowly before swinging her pointer in the direction of a snowscape.

The sight of the youthful art appreciators took us back about thirty years to a time when Miss Snowberry took our class to the Art Gallery for the first and last time. In those days the girls wore hair ribbons, middie blouses and blue serge skirts, and we male delinquents wore turtleneck sweaters, knickers and itchy black wool stockings. Our visit went off great until a couple of the class incorrigibles sneaked upstairs and found a room full of paintings which had been removed from the main galleries while we little innocents were being convoyed around. As soon as these explorers returned with the news that the "hottest" paintings were to be found upstairs, Miss Snowberry's class began to disintegrate, and she finally ended up leading a group composed entirely of be-ribboned young females. By the time she succeeded in rounding up the male members of her class, we had missed the free streetcar that was to carry us back to our neighborhood, Miss Snowberry had lost her voice, temper and artistic impulse, and the male members of our class had changed from boys to men. From then until the end of our stay with Miss Snowberry our art lessons consisted entirely of painting drooping daisies.

As we left the Art Gallery we bumped into a friend of ours who spends his mornings twisting wire coat-hangers into abstract sculpture and his afternoons free-loading at art and literary cocktail parties. After an over-enthusiastic greeting he asked us what we had thought of the exhibition. We mentioned a couple of paintings that had taken our fancy. "Did you like the Paul Bartlett?" he asked. We couldn't remember seeing it, but we nodded. "Say, could you lend me the admission price, old man?" he asked, as if he had forgotten to pick up his last hundred-dollar bill from the dresser that morning. We gave him the necessary change. "Bartlett's got it," he said, pocketing our quarter. "He has marvellous organization, don't you think so?" "Oh, sure," we answered, "he shows beautiful conception."

We've looked through our program four times, but can find no mention of Bartlett at all. Not that it matters much to critics like us.

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Robert Bayne Blyth

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Foreign Affairs

Our Mistaken China Policy

By Willson Woodside

THE GENEVA CONFERENCE is shaping up as a fiasco, and Canada is playing its full part in this development. Once again we can see why the Soviets have been so eager to arrange a conference including Communist China, while they were so reluctant to attend a conference on a European settlement. Ever since that great watershed year of the postwar era, 1948, when Berlin was held while China was lost, the Western powers have stood solidly together in Europe but have been divided in Asia; not only divided as between nations, but divided at home in fratricidal strife between parties and groups.

It is easy to point to the United States, where Congressmen who for five years have been shouting "traitor" at those who wouldn't back Chiang to the hilt are now screaming against any "involvement" of the U.S. in Indo-China through the sending off airmen or troops, while insisting that the French fight to the last man for this outpost considered vital to the whole free world position in Asia.

CF

ST. LAURENT: Seduced in Delhi?

It is easy to point to the French, who have broken off negotiations with Vietnam representatives on the terms of independence for Indo-China, and thus given up the last opportunity before the Geneva Conference to steal the thunder of Ho Chi Minh, who claims that he alone stands for real freedom of his country.

But here we are, our Prime Minister ostentatiously passing Indo-China by, to let the world know that Canada feels no interest in the struggle there, and then stopping in the two countries of the Far East which have stood solidly against the spread of Communism, the Philippines and South Korea, to urge concessions to Communist China. At this critical point in the Indo-China struggle, he gives Communist agents all through the Orient something to shout about, "proof" to hold out that Canada expects a Chinese Communist victory and that the Western front is split in approaching the Geneva Conference.

The best one can say is that Mr. St. Laurent didn't realize what would be the effect of repeating in these circumstances things he had said often before—or the impression that this would give, just after a long and friendly visit with Nehru, that he agreed with the well-known views of the Indian leader that the ferment in Asia was basically an anti-colonial uprising, to oppose which was "blind reaction". The failure to visit Malaya and Formosa, pointed this up.

It was all so honest and forthright. But when will we realize that this is not enough, when dealing with Communists? When will we learn not to make concessions for nothing, but to hold them for close bargaining, as the Communists do? What good could it possibly do to give support to the cause of Communist China, ignore the existence of Nationalist China, show disinterest in the critical struggle of the French and the non-Communist Vietnam nationalists in Indo-China, and display a breach between ourselves and the Americans just before the opening of the Geneva Conference? Is that the way to make a success of it?

Certainly there are powerful arguments for the recognition of Communist China and her admission to the United Nations, as the best hope of easing her eventually out of sole dependence on Soviet Russia, and perhaps encouraging Titoism. But there has never yet been a suitable time to do this. It couldn't be done, pell-mell, after the Communist victory on the mainland in 1949, and while the Nationalists were still holding out on Formosa. It couldn't be done when the Chinese Communists intervened in Korea in 1950, or at any time after that while the Korean War was going on. And it shouldn't be done now, while Peking is supplying the Communist war in Indo-China.

Mr. St. Laurent no doubt felt that, having defended U.S. policy in Delhi, he was being open and forthright in criticizing it in Manila. But the feelings we should be concerned about are those of hundreds of millions of Asians, who would view recognition of Communist China now and her admission to the UN as an admission of defeat by the West. The natural outcome would be a rush by the large Chinese colonies in all the South-East-

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ern Asian countries to "get on the band-wagon", and the deep discouragement of those relatively few Asian leaders who have committed themselves openly to the struggle against Communism.

It may not be easy to see how South-East Asia can be held, but this could precipitate its loss, all the more since the situation in Indo-China, and in France, is approaching a crisis.

Besides, is it really sensible for us to recognize Communist China until she "recognizes" the recognition which Great Britain accorded her over four years ago? I wonder how many know that Peking never received the British envoy, and that after waiting in Hong Kong for the best part of a year, he had to go back home? Why should we court such humiliation? The least we could do is wait until Peking is polite towards the British. And while we are on the subject, has recognition helped the British businessmen and their vast interests in China in the slightest? Has it helped India, for that matter? The Chinese Communists are steadily building up their power all along her northern frontier.

Further, is it worth more to us to have relations of a sort with Communist China and presumably warm relations with neutralist India, at the cost of embittering our relations with the United States? A great many Americans would look upon this as a diplomatic "stab in the back" by a nation which ought to understand their position, if anyone can.

Heaven knows American policy in China was weak, wavering and in the end catastrophic—as I tried to point out here many times, before it was too late. But *we* have never had an Asian policy; it was being said in Ottawa on Mr. St. Laurent's return that now, for the first time, we were beginning to formulate one of our own. However misguided the Americans have been, it may be said that without their efforts India and Pakistan would have been the Prime Minister's only stops in free Asia—just as Britain might have been his only stop in free Europe.

That bears a little thinking about, as we approach the Geneva Conference. Let no one count complacently on another Berlin. There we stood together: Eden was admirable, Bidault was splendid, Dulles was magnificent. But we go to Geneva divided, and weaker, and with many new boys on the team. Dulles will be under the sternest injunction not to yield an inch, since his countrymen can see no possibility of winning at the council table a settlement which they have not been able to impose on the battlefield. Eden will be opposed by all the traditions of British diplomacy to such an inflexible policy. Bidault will be the prisoner of home-front demands for a negotiated settlement in Indo-China.

All that can be said for the prospects of such a settlement is that it will be better if the French can hold Dien Bien Phu until conference time than if they are defeated there. In either case, the Communists will take over Indo-China if the French leave. Granted, we have made many mistakes in dealing with China in recent years; the greatest mistake could be to give way now.

The recognition of Communist China is a many-sided question. When Mr. St. Laurent was in India and Indonesia he heard so much of the anti-imperialist, revolutionary aspect of Asian Communism that he finally got round to speaking of "the government they want" and seeing the question simply as one of "realism" in recognizing this government as the one in control of China. When he returned to North America he was soon reminded of the broader and grimmer aspects of the problem—as well as the very particular feelings of his constituents in Quebec.

In Delhi and Batavia they may understand the workings of the Oriental mind and Asian reaction to the experience of the past century with European imperialism, but in Ottawa, and even more in Washington, one can better appreciate the full danger of the world-wide Communist conspiracy and the way in which Mao and Ho are serving this conspiracy, or being used by it. The critical battle now going on in Indo-China could affect not only the whole of South-East Asia, and later India, but also, through France, it could affect Western Europe and Canada's defensive alliance there. It is to be hoped that our leaders will back up Mr. Dulles in his new and solemn appeal for united action to see this fight through to victory.

There is still time to close Western ranks before Geneva. And there is still time for a victory at Dien Bien Phu to show once again the role that pride can play in French affairs.

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Ottawa Letter

Some Talk About Foreign Affairs

By John A. Stevenson

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS began a debate on foreign policy under the shadow of the general consternation created by news of the devastating effects of the explosion in the South Pacific of a hydrogen bomb by the Americans, a report now matched by word of a similar explosion by the Russians in Siberia. These two portentous blasts give point to a grim forecast credited to Prof. Albert Einstein. When he was asked recently what were his ideas about the weapons that would decide the third world war, he replied, "I cannot tell you, but what I can tell you is the weapons of the fourth world war". When asked what they would be, he answered in one word, "Rocks".

The debate has not been unprofitable, but it shed more light upon the conceptions of the Progressive Conservative party about foreign policy than upon the ideas of the Government. Mr. Pearson opened it with a concise and lucid review of the Berlin conference, the almost complete failure of which he laid at the door of the Russians; about its only valuable result, the projected conference at Geneva, he deprecated "exaggerated hopes of success". He said that, as leader of the Canadian delegation there, he would aim at the establishment of a unified, independent and democratic Korea and the full restoration of international peace and security in that area, and he expressed pious hopes that a cessation of hostilities in Indo-China might also be achieved.

Discussing with approval President Eisenhower's proposals for international control of atomic energy, Mr. Pearson revealed that a memorandum on the subject lately submitted by the President to the Russian Government had been communicated to our Government and received its blessing. He took obvious pride in having forced Mr. Dulles, the American Secretary of State, to clear up the ambiguity of his original pronouncement about measures of retaliation against any Communist aggression and to give assurances that his country's allies would be consulted before they were undertaken. Mr. Pearson is clearly on the side of the angels in his earnest desire for energetic moves to prevent the nations of the world from rushing like the Gadarene swine down a slope into an abyss of irreparable disaster, but he was somewhat cloudy about specific proposals for the attainment of this desirable objective.

Prime Minister St. Laurent, who followed, confessed to great distress about the barrage of hostile criticism which had greeted his reported statement that the regime of Mao Tse-Tung was the government that the Chinese people wanted, and he confined his observations mainly to an apologetic explanation that this statement did not represent his real sentiments. To his credit, he did not resort to the favorite excuse of similarly embarrassed politicians that they had been misquoted by the press, but he pleaded for forgiveness for using language which had created concern and controversy in Canada. Then he declared that the policy of his Government in regard to the Communist Government of China was not to give it immediate recognition, but to welcome it to Geneva and keep an open mind about its future recognition.

Mr. Coldwell spoke with his usual wisdom and moderation about foreign affairs and, reiterating the policy of his party, complained that the Government did not take a sufficiently positive line about certain international problems and was too content with a policy of drifting along behind the United States. After commenting upon the terrible potentialities of the hydrogen bomb, he besought the Government to make immediate representations at Washington for the discontinuance of such experiments in the Pacific Ocean. He also declared himself against the emergence of an independent rearmed Germany.

Globe and Mail

LESTER PEARSON: A lucid review.

It was extremely distressing, on the eve of a conference at which an effort will be made to achieve peace in Korea as a start for the alleviation of the present international tension, to find three such important politicians as Mr. Drew, Mr. Diefenbaker and Mr. Low combining to throw cold water on the idea that any beneficial results could emerge from negotiations for a settlement with the pestilential tribe of nations infected with the miasma of Communism. They all revealed themselves as poles apart in their views from Lord Salisbury, a first-rate authority upon foreign affairs, and now Conservative leader in the British House of Lords, who had just declared that the explosion of the hydrogen bomb had intensified his conviction that no stone must be left unturned to achieve some sort of settlement with Russia and her allies.

Mr. Drew found a parallel for the negotiations at Geneva in the calamitous policies of appeasement pursued by Neville Chamberlain and his associates, but the parallel was not truly drawn. In the thirties Britain and France were negotiating from weakness, but today the western democracies can negotiate from a position of strength, and there is considerable evidence that Russia would make concessions to prevent the rearmament of western Germany. Mr. Drew also discoursed with almost passionate fervor upon the monstrous tyrannies organized by the present rulers of Russia and China and their enslavement of millions of people; he might have suitably been reminded that he had made no protest about our negotiations for a trade treaty with the Japanese whose brutalities to Allied prisoners of war and to the Chinese were unspeakable, and about the despatch of a Canadian envoy to Franco, who has extinguished every vestige of liberty in Spain.

The value of Mr. Low's contribution to the debate can be gauged from the fact that he cited in terms of warm admiration the views of Senator Knowland of California, a reactionary Republican, who is the foremost partisan of the discredited Chiang Kai-shek in the United States.

L. P. Picard (L, Bellechasse, Que.), who has become an indefatigable traveller in his zeal for first-hand knowledge of world problems, and L. T. Stick (L, Trinity-Conception, Nfld.), both made intelligent speeches in the debate.

The reason for the anxiety of Sir Winston Churchill and most of the British Conservative party for a comprehensive settlement with Russia, China and their allies being almost as great as that of the British Labor party, is that the Conservatives are now faced with a desperate dilemma. On the surface there has been a marked improvement in the economic fortunes of Britain since the Conservatives regained power, but some basic weaknesses remain uncured and the

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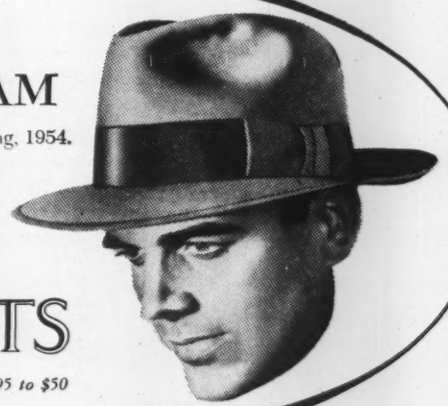

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British leaders are keenly aware that Britain cannot be extricated from a situation of constant strain, unless she can increase her export trade and secure a large easement of the tremendous burden of her program of defence.

Any large increase in her export trade can be ruled out as long as over 800,000 young men are absorbed by her armed forces for varying periods. Moreover, taxation has climbed to heights which would seem intolerable to Canadians and, if the Churchill Ministry finds itself unable to reduce expenditures on armaments, it will be forced to make cuts in the social services which will be very unpopular and may cause its ejection from office.

Lip-service is still paid to the principle of firm co-operation between the partner nations of the British Commonwealth "in all aspects of defence", but it is more honored in the breach than the observance. How the main weight of the burden of the Commonwealth's defence is still borne by Britain is shown clearly by the latest available data about the strength of the armed forces of the Commonwealth. The totals of personnel in the Navy, Army and Air Force (in that order) are: Great Britain: 130,000, 445,000, 257,000; Australia: 14,000, 26,000, 16,000; New Zealand: 2,800, 6,500, 4,000; South Africa: 863, 4,600, 3,300; Canada: 15,500, 48,500, 42,000; Ceylon, not published (except Army: 2,000); India, not published; Pakistan, not published.

Britain, with a population about thrice as large as that of Canada, has almost eight times as many men and women in her armed forces. But the British have the consolation of getting better value for their money. For the maintenance of our armed forces at a total strength of 106,000 our Government's estimates for the fiscal year 1954-55 call for expenditures totalling roughly $1,943 million; in the same fiscal year the British Government has allocated in its estimates the equivalent of roughly $3,436 million dollars for the maintenance of forces, whose total strength is placed at 832,000. Even when allowance is made for Britain's enforcement of conscription and her lower rates of pay, the glaring disparity in the results of the two sets of expenditures on defence requires some explaining.

•

Critic in the Winter Garden

These who are bold
Ape ill the gentle mien
And manner of a generation since.
Their eyes are old:
They rove from scene to scene
With earthiness to make those past ones wince.
They flout the gentle dresses of an age
As far beyond them as it is behind,
And speak to elders like some saucy page
Who has not sense to sense the cultured mind.
No. Let them act
As people they can know,
And bring their joyous youth to play their peers.
Subdue the fact
That man must undergo
Regression with the passing of the years.

DOROTHY WAUGH

•

Crossing Queen's Park

These trees securely dream the winter through,
Indifferent to any young Theocritus
While strange new faces, studious, remote,
Unspied upon by future destiny,
Hurry from lab to lecture room by rote.
Unmarked, as yet, by life's contempt.
They shelter under academic eyes.
Their youthful certainty not likely to
Be shattered by some Rilke in disguise.
Hatless, windbreaker warmed, or
Beanie crowned and bobby-soxed,
With white-walled sneaks, (depending on the sex),
They clutch the bulging loose-leaf notebook
To their eager breasts, to make
A momentary stay against confusion,
And turn aside the tortured twist that
Some among them are foredoomed to take.
So, as these barren trees forget the leaves
That withered like old parchment,
The theses files will garner evidence
Of eager longing, and the frail attempt.

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Books

A Good Word for Folly's Child

By Robertson Davies

ONE THERE ARE SEVERAL easy ways in which a man of no particular originality of mind or depth of thought may obtain a reputation for both, and one of them is by condemning fashion. Simple people are impressed by a man who mocks at current fashions; he seems to them to be a creature too high and fine for common frailty. Yet if the truth were known it is easier to mock fashion than to follow it successfully. A wise man is not likely to be the slave of fashion, but he may study fashion with care, and learn much about the spirit of an age from the cut of its clothes. Crabbe called fashion "Folly's child", but Crabbe is full of phrases that sound like wisdom until we examine them; Folly's child may show us the way into many far from foolish hearts.

Three books are at hand which deal with fashion in different ways, and the first is *The Child in Fashion*, by Doris Langley Moore; it is a companion volume to *The Woman In Fashion* and it is in every way worthy of that excellent book. Mrs. Moore's method is an admirable one; she is herself a collector of authentic costumes of bygone times, and her books are illustrated with photographs of suitable people wearing these clothes, against correct backgrounds; her commentary is the work of a philosopher of clothing, rather than a fashion enthusiast, and her books have an authenticity of detail, and a grasp of social nuance, which is rare in books of this sort. Too many books about clothes try to cover too much ground with too little knowledge; Mrs. Moore's books cover a comparatively small stretch of time, to which she brings a distilled comprehension of its history and mood.

Jacket design of Doris Langley Moore's "The Child in Fashion".

The new book covers children's fashions (chiefly for girls, as their clothing changes most often) from 1760 to 1934. There is no reason why children should not be fashionable, and why they should not enjoy fashion; the modern girl in her carefully dirtied jeans and scrupulously scuffed and fermenting loafers is fashionable, and so is the zoot-suiter; fashion is simply what your group regards as the last word in dress. Until about 150 years ago children wore the same clothing as adults, and although this may seem unsuitable in our eyes, it did not appear so to them. The boy of 1760 in a cocked hat, or the boy of 1860 in his Eton topper, was no more strangely dressed than the boy of our day in a small version of his father's grey fedora. A girl whose mother wore a hoop and five petticoats saw no reason why she should wear less. But the finest clothing, for the most fashionable children, has always had a charm of design and workmanship which is not quite identical with that of adult dress; it is the charm of the miniature.

Mrs. Moore's book is, among other things, a delightful picture book. Many beautiful children of her friends have posed for her photographer, Felix Fonteyn, and the pictures are a refreshment to the eye. (Why, by the way, are English children so beautiful, when English adults are no more interesting to look at than any other race?) Time and again these photographs, with their careful backgrounds, call up the spirit of a past age with the special poignancy which children can evoke. Whether your hobby is social history, or fashion, or children themselves, this is a book you should not pass by.

Less satisfactory, but too good to slight, is *Muffs and Morals* by Pearl Binder, who seems to be a friend of Mrs. Moore's, though she lacks her scholarship and detached vision. Miss Binder takes all fashion for her province, from ancient Egypt to the present day, and discusses such large matters as decency and indecency, underclothing, jewellery, hairdressing, and the like, but she does not say enough about any of them. I suspect that she was afraid of being a bore, and consequently has presented herself to the reader as a flighty tease. She undoubtedly knows much more than she has told, but she has presented her material in such a way that her information is confusing to the beginning student of dress and fashion, and insufficiently detailed for the advanced student. But in spite of these faults she writes so well that her book is lively and provocative, and will lead the reader to seek other, duller, more authoritative works.

Her best chapter, in my opinion, is the one on "Male Coquetry"; men's dress is rarely dealt with from this point of view. Yet men are, in their slower way, as conscious of fashion

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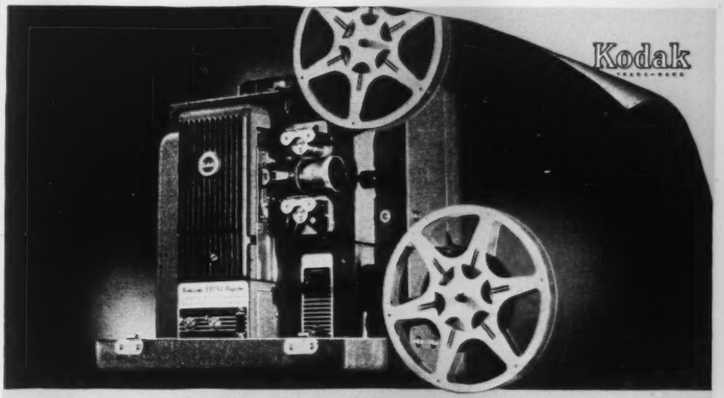

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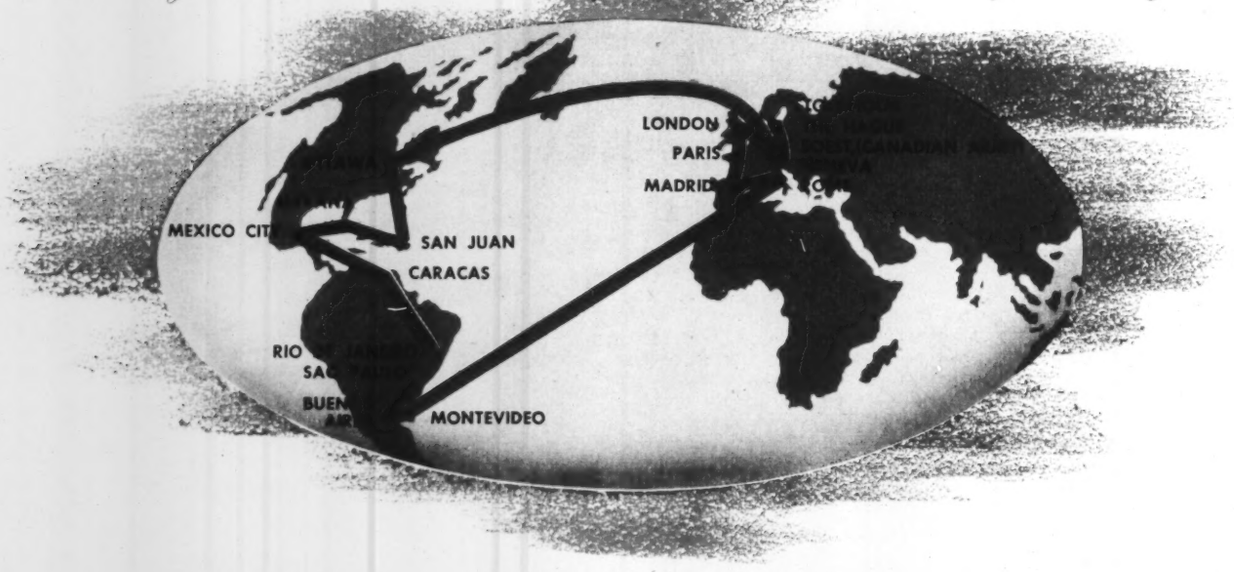

Toronto, painted for the Seagram Collection by J. S. Hallam, R.C.A., O.S.A.

brilliant previews attended by governmental, industrial, cultural and professional leaders . . . and where they were seen and enjoyed by more than 150,000 people at one-to-two-week public showings.

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Across Latin America and through Europe, the Seagram Collection of Paintings of Canadian Cities has won new friends for Canada, friends who have carried away with them vivid personal impressions of our country as a vital, growing land—a land of tremendous natural and industrial resources, and remarkable human resourcefulness.

The House of Seagram

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

as are women, and matters of detail agitate them of which women are usually unconscious. Not one woman in ten knows whether a man's dress suit is in fashion or not, or whether the length of his coat is right or wrong. Women notoriously know nothing about neckties, which to the perceptive male are windows of the soul. If women could read men's clothes as they read their own, there would be fewer bad marriages. I have met women—charming, intelligent women, who dressed themselves beautifully—who did not know the difference between English and American trousers. (I shall reveal all: English trousers look best on the seated male, whereas American trousers look best on the standing male; no tailor has discovered a way of combining the best of both civilizations.) Women may dress for men, but men dress for other men; few women know more about a man's clothes than that he looks tidy or untidy in them. Miss Binder might delight us by writing a whole book on men's clothing, for she is obviously one of the few women who know what is important about them.

My third book this week is of a kind which I take special delight in—one of those enchanting books which explore a byway of human aspiration and ingenuity. It is called *Pierced Hearts and True Love* and it is a history of tattooing, written in loving detail by Hanns Ebensten. We have all seen a little tattooing, usually a crude design on somebody's forearm or a freak in a sideshow, advertised as "The Living Work of Art". But which of us has seen anything in this line which really deserves to be called art? Apparently there are such wonders, walking the earth, hidden under skirts and trousers. I should like to have known Mr. and Mrs. Frank de Burgh; his back was covered with an elaborate tattoo of the Crucifixion, hers with Leonardo's "Last Supper", with "Love one another" inscribed beneath it.

Most tattooing is done by "professors" who have little artistic sense, but there have been great primitives in this line, Grandmas Moses and Douaniers Rousseau of the needle, who did work of strength and originality. And there have been artists, too, such as Sutherland Macdonald, who tattooed beautiful butterflies and similar adornments upon ladies of fashion in Edwardian London; Winston Churchill's mother was one of them. He used a range of colors of particular beauty, and his work was a fashionable rage for a few years. He also did comic designs of a type not describable in these chaste pages.

Comic and erotic designs, sometimes in combination, are apparently very popular among admirers of tattooing. It is not surprising that the alternatives to such designs are patriotic and sentimental devices; people who want to be tattooed are plainly people of strong feelings and comparative simplicity of outlook, or they would not have sentiments and ornaments that are difficult to remove pricked into their hides. They are to be found in all walks of life, and the illustrations in this remarkable book include a photograph of one reigning monarch, fantastically enriched, as well as a few thieves, pimps and ladies of generous nature.

The strangest revelation to me was of the existence of amateur tattooists, who get their greatest satisfaction from adorning themselves with designs of their own devising. Mr. Ebensten has theories about the nature of the pleasure that tattooing provides, which are deeply interesting and which have a persuasive sound. Certainly one of the wonders of the Judgment Day when we rise naked from our tombs will be the opportunity of examining some of these extraordinary adornments, which in this transitory life are reserved for the inspection of personal friends and connoisseurs.

THE CHILD IN FASHION—by Doris Langley Moore—pp. 100, illustrated with fine photographs—*Clarke, Irwin*—$5.25.

MUFFS AND MORALS—by Pearl Binder—pp. 247, with plates and line drawings by the author—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.15.

PIERCED HEARTS AND TRUE LOVE—by Hanns Ebensten — pp. 95 with photographs and line drawings—*Verschoyle*—$2.50.

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In Brief

WESTWARD HO WITH THE *ALBATROSS* — by Professor Hans Pettersson—pp. 197, index and illustrations — *Macmillan* — *$4.00.*

The Swedish Deep-Sea Expedition crossed the equator seventeen times during its 1947-1948 round-the-world exploration of the ocean-depths. Its leader, who is a romantic and humorous traveller as well as a prominent scientist, gives a journalistic account of the voyage as well as a description of the science of oceanography and its findings to date designed to interest the general reader.

The meandering course of the *Albatross* does not inspire the kind of dramatic unity found in *Kon-Tiki*, for example. The book is an agreeable compromise between the technical approach and the popular. Piquancy is added by looking at landscape through the eyes of an oceanographer who cannot view the Sudan desert without comparing it with an equally flat and vast surface two thousand fathoms below the Indian Ocean and wondering what changes will have been wrought in both during the next ten million years.

OUR SENSE OF IDENTITY: A Book of Canadian Essays — edited by Malcolm Ross—pp. 344—*Ryerson*—*$5.00.*

This book has a centre and a circumference: the centre being the common aspects of Canadianism shared by the writers represented; the circumference being their distinctively Canadian individualities. The tone of the book emphasizes neither time nor place, but Canadian ideas and feelings and people in their relation to time and place.

This book, which could so easily have been dull, pompous, or, being Canadian, apologetic, is instead invigorating, self-critical, and confident. Every Canadian who reads farther than his newspaper will wish to place it on his bookshelf.

ONE THOUSAND AND ONE POEMS OF MANKIND: Memorable Short Poems from the World's Chief Literatures — Compiled by Henry W. Wells, Foreword by Clifton Fadiman—pp. 427, index—*Longmans, Green*—$6.00.

Though the editor of this United Nations of short lyrics sets forth, in his introduction, excellent, irrefutable reasons for its compilation, this reader can find no way to enjoy such a hybrid and jumbled miscellany. The barrier of translation is a formidable one, especially in poems of Oriental origin.

As a supermarket of poems, however, grouped under Elbert Hubbardish captions, the collection has a certain value.

LA FONTAINE: The Man and His Work—by Monica Sutherland—pp. 188, bibliography index, notes, and illustrations — *Clarke Irwin*—*$2.50.*

Many monographs on La Fontaine have been written in his native tongue, but only one or two in English. This discovery prompted the present author to make a synthesis of those books in French which describe La Fontaine's life, personality, and literary qualities, disclaiming any originality except that of the application to La Fontaine of appre-

ciation from the modern English point of view. As the author labors her rather elementary points with too much insistence, the result is a book which has some use for the student but which is undistinguished for the general reader.

CORRESPONDENCE IN VERSE WITH ERICA MITTERER — Rainer Maria Rilke, German text with English translation by N. K. Cruikshank, Introduction by J. B. Leishman —pp. 95—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.25.*

Between June, 1924, and August, 1926, Rilke wrote about fifty poems to a young Austrian girl who had first addressed him in verse-letters and whom he saw only once about a year before his death.

Besides its special interest for admirers of Rilke, this correspondence is of general interest to readers of poetry for its glimpses behind the curtain of a poet's working mind and sensibility. Two or three of the poems are fine Rilke; one poem, *Zweite Antwort: Ach, wie beschaftigt wir sind,* has the many-faceted splendor of the finest Rilke.

PHOENIX FLED—by Attia Hosain—pp. 203—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.10.*

An Indian's-eye view of human character undistorted by undue emphasis on local color or race relations, these twelve stories are based chiefly on the conflicts of time acutely felt where age-old custom has been suddenly dragged into the glare of the modern market-place. Not of equal worth individually, the pieces form a mosaic of pleasing irregularity. The writing is deeply sensitive and finely economical.

THE SENSE OF WONDER: Observations on Education and the Teaching of English—by Bert Case Diltz—pp. 276, bibliography —*McClelland & Stewart—$3.50.*

Professor Diltz stands with those educators who condemn pragmatism and "functionalism" as contributing causes of the shortcomings of modern education. His present book, however, an exposition of the "literary method" of teaching English — one aspect of his theory of "organic education" — is constructive rather than the contrary.

Organic education is defined by Professor Diltz as "education at the full depth of God's relationship to man and man's relationship to God". It is intended to teach a "vision of life", to nourish "the pupil's mind and spirit on the creative ideas latent in organic wholes". The literary method of teaching English "strives to preserve for the pupil the organic unity of a work of art because therein the real meaning resides".

As his title implies, Mr. Diltz is more concerned with the emotional than with the intellectual aspects of teaching. His assumptions and omissions will leave even the many readers who will agree with his basic tenets feeling profoundly uneasy, for half of the Christian humanist tradition is exalted at the price of almost total rejection of the other half. Christ's teaching is "creative" and evocative of wonder, but Plato and Aristotle, in fact the whole "tyranny of Greek and Roman culture", are brushed aside as being too "intellectual" and "conclusive". This stress on feeling at the expense of idea is borne out in the detailed examples which Mr. Diltz gives of his teaching method.

The attentive reader will find it disturbing, too, that literary piety continues to be as uncritical as ever. Why should a high school student not be allowed to recognize Burns's *To A Mouse* for the second-rate poem that it is, or to see the flaw in Mansfield's *The Doll's House*? Why should he have to admire A. G. Gardiner's essay *On a Painted Face*, or even to read it at all?

Mr. Diltz's volley of questions and answers leaves the reader with some pertinent questions of his own to ask, and the fervent hope that so much faith in feeling will not produce enlarged hearts at the price of softened heads.

M.A.H.

•

Chess Problem

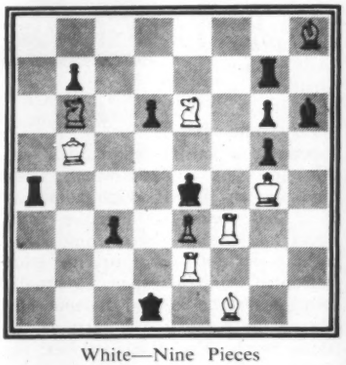
By "Centaur"

EARLIEST OF ALL chess magazines was the French *Palamede*, founded in 1836 and abandoned in 1839. It appeared again in 1842, and ceased publication in 1847.

George Walker's *Philidorian* was the first English chess magazine, having a run just for the year 1838. In 1841 Howard Staunton started the *Chess Player's Chronicle* as part of the British *Miscellany*, but it soon became an independent magazine. It was issued regularly until 1852. A second series lasted from 1853 to 1856, and a third from 1859 to 1862. The oldest existing magazine in England is the *British Chess Magazine*, started in 1881.

Problem No. 60, by E. Narroway
Port Alberni, BC

Black—Ten Pieces



White—Nine Pieces
White mates in two.

In continental Europe the oldest existing magazine is the *Deutsche Scachzeitung*, launched in 1846. It seems that World War II brought a halt. It is now edited by the master R. Teschner. *La Strategie* was started in 1867 and the *Weiner Schachzeitung* in 1896.

Solution of Problem No. 59

1.P-B7, R-R6; 2.Q-K3ch, etc. 1.P-B7, QxQKt; 2.Q-Q4ch, etc. 1.P-B7, QxKKt; 2.Q-Q5ch, etc. 1.P-B7, P-B7; 2.Q-K5ch, etc. 1.P-B7, Kt-Kt5; 2.Q-B5ch, etc. Threats are 2.Q-K3ch and 2.Q-K5ch.

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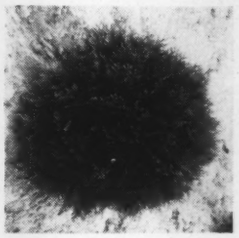

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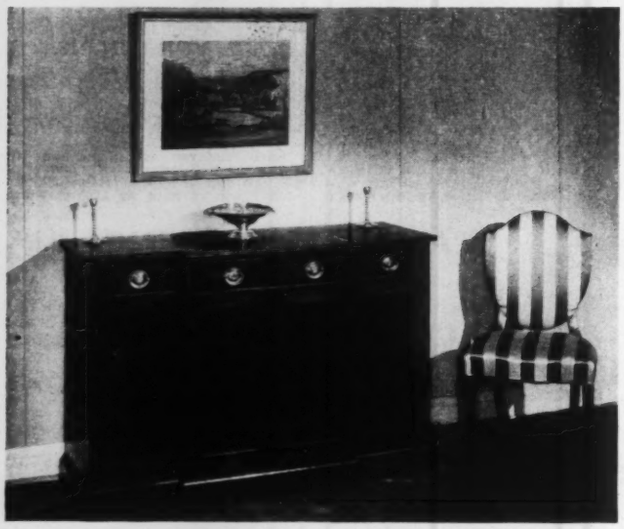

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Films

Adventures All Over

By Mary Lowrey Ross

HELL AND HIGH WATER and *Beat the Devil* both turned up recently, and it would be hard to find two better illustrations of the peculiar genius of the movies. Both are adventure pictures, but the one, *Hell and High Water*, presents its material from the point of view of wide-eyed adolescence, while the other, *Beat the Devil*, carries from first to last the tone and mood of brilliant and wonderfully addled maturity.

Hell and High Water has to do with the setting off of an atom bomb, and treats the world's most ominous phenomenon as pure comic-strip material. A group of public-spirited internationalists, headed by a nuclear physicist (Victor Francen), decides to investigate the rumor that a public enemy, unnamed, is stocking up atomic weapons somewhere near the Arctic Circle. They hire an ex-submarine officer (Richard Widmark), set him up with an armed but ramshackle submarine and head him for the North Pacific. The physicist goes along. So does his daughter (Bella Darvi), a dimpled girl who can speak half a dozen languages, take shorthand, and do nuclear equations in her head.

United Artists

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA and Humphrey Bogart in "Beat the Devil".

En route they encounter a hostile submarine and ram and sink it under-water. They land on an island which looks as if it had been put together from burnt butterscotch—the wrong island as it turns out—shoot up the local personnel, and escape. Eventually they locate the nuclear hideout and fire on the plane that is carrying the atom bomb. The plane crashes, the atom bomb goes off, Physicist Francen is blown up, the rest of the crew escape, and Captain Widmark and Physicist Darvi are left to resume their interrupted love-making.

Event follows event in perfectly predictable order and in the end you lapse into a state of foolish acquiescence under the sheer weight of visual logic. "I hope you say something good about it," said the adolescent whom I took along. I said I would do the best I could. This is about the best I can.

The hypnosis produced by *Beat the Devil* is of quite a different order. The film might be classified as a tongue-in-cheek adventure story if the men who concocted it—Director John Huston and Writer Truman Capote—had taken their tongues from their cheeks long enough to laugh. They don't, however. The picture has the quality of a very funny nightmare, with the comedy values deliberately held in suspension.

There are four villains here—Peter Lorre, who has aged and thickened without losing his air of childish evil; Robert Morley, the leader, who looks like an immense, and immensely depraved parrot; Marco Tulli, as a tight-faced little army major, the hatchet man of the group; and Ivor Barnard, whose blade-like face is pure fantasy, particularly when it attempts to break into an ingratiating smile. The quartet is set for a big uranium deal in Africa, and the major is prepared to knife anyone who stands in the way. These operations would be alarming if they weren't entirely meaningless — the four have no idea how to go about their enterprise, or what to do with their uranium if they bring their swindle off.

The official promoter of these operations is Humphrey Bogart, who, with Gina Lollobrigida, cast as his wife, plays straight against a weaving background of caricature. Before long they are joined by a travelling Englishman and his wife (Edward Underdown and Jennifer Jones). The husband is a phoney member of the landed gentry, the wife a sensationally talented liar, and they fit in perfectly with the ramshackle crew of uranium hunters. Presently everyone is headed for Africa in a Portuguese ship that appears to be carrying nobody but the adventurers, an alcoholic captain and a gleefully malignant first mate. And so it goes, with one unaccountable sequence leading into the next, all with the quick inconsequent shift of some particularly wacky dream. Altogether it is a remarkable piece of work, tossed together with a casual disregard for all the rules governing sound commercial picture-making.

I admired practically everyone in the cast, but was particularly impressed by Jennifer Jones, whose Mrs. Chelm, the creative liar, is almost as exalted a visionary as her Bernadette, besides being a lot more interesting.

Sports

Lost Glory

By Jim Coleman

WHILE VISITING MONTREAL for the Stanley Cup hockey games, we found Jockey Fleming exactly where we had left him one year previously. The Jockey was supporting a lamp-post on the corner of Peel and Ste. Catherine and his demeanor suggested that his spirits were lower than a snake's clavicles. The tilt of The Jockey's jib is a rather accurate gauge of business conditions in the Montreal demi-monde.

Despite his nickname, Fleming never has sat astride a horse. The Jockey holds horses, work and law-enforcement officers in some contempt. The Jockey has dissociated himself from the equine race as a mode of transportation ever since a winter night, many, many years ago, when some friendly strangers talked him into accompanying them on a ride to the top of Mount Royal in a horse-drawn *calèche*. Later, Fleming discovered that, during the drive, he appeared to have misplaced his watch.

"Imagine that bum beating me for my lumpy," Fleming said wonderingly. "He didn't look as if he could get his hands into a barrel."

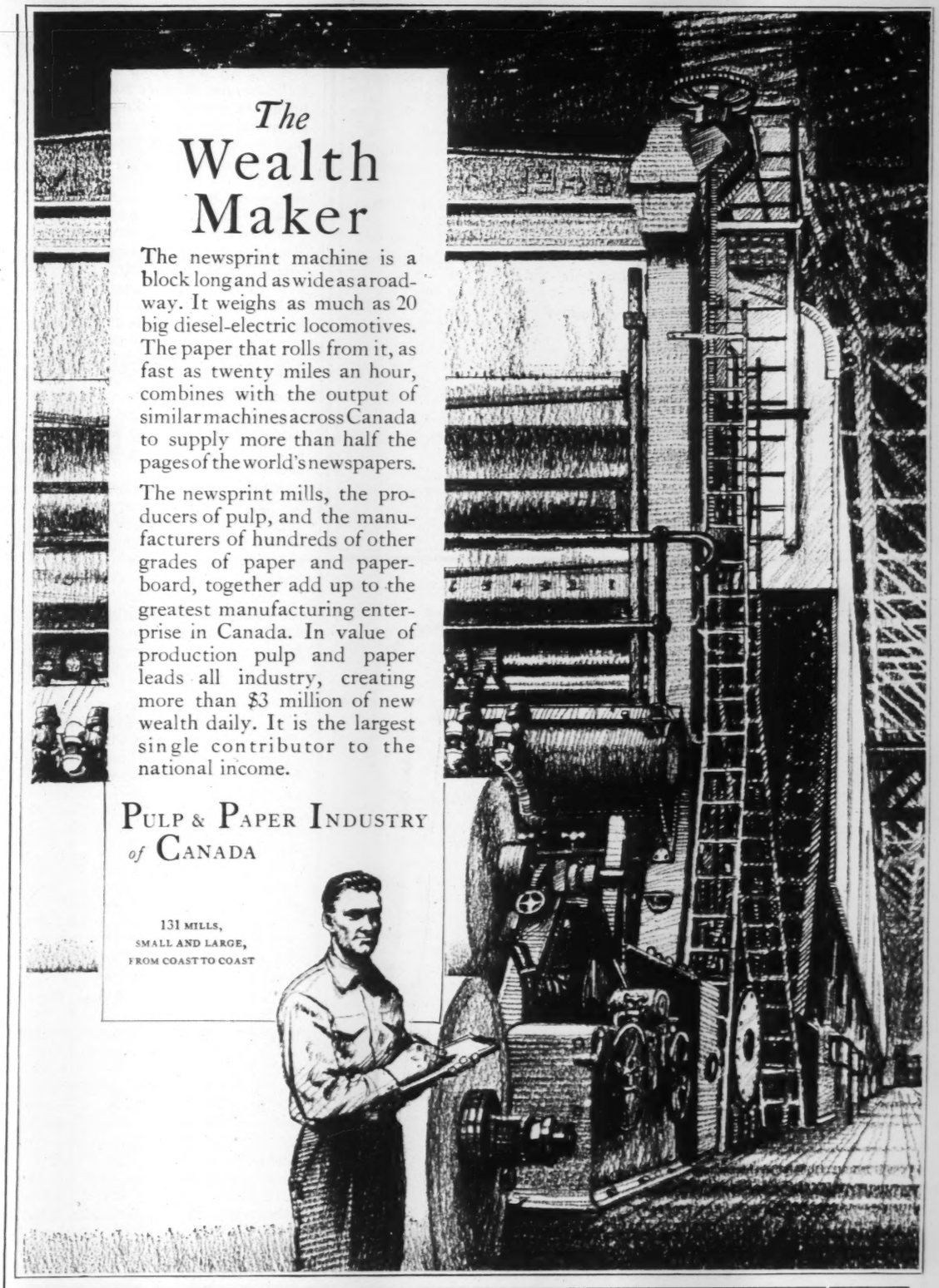
Jockey Fleming strongly resents any suggestion that he is a tout. On the other hand he is rather pleased to consider himself one of the last of the old-time unlicensed ticket-brokers. He is resentful, too, of suggestions that his business methods are illegal. "I just find a client who wants to buy a ticket to a hockey game," he explains. "Then I find a client who wants to sell a ticket. I just act as a messenger between these two clients and, naturally, I charge for my services. Someone has to pay for the wear and tear on my bunions."

Fleming is spared the expenses of office rent. He patrols Peel Street between the Windsor and Mount Royal Hotels, pausing occasionally to lean against the lamp-post on the corner of Ste. Catherine.

Noticing his gloomy visage on our recent visit, we asked for an interim report on the state of affairs in Montreal. "The town is dead," he said gloomily. "All the joints are sloughed. Even the bookmakers are taking up skiing. If you want to get into trouble, you'd better go back to Toronto."

The Jockey's depression is chronic but a superficial glance around Montreal convinced your correspondent that life isn't quite as carefree as it was in other years.

We haven't the slightest doubt that a travelling sports-writer, with a few discreet inquiries, can find a bookmaker or a barbotte game or an all-night oasis. However, even a decade ago such palaces of frivolity could be found without any back-of-the-hand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It is a matter of regret that the old firm of Slitkin and Slotkin no longer is operating. In the old days, a visit to Slitkin and Slotkin's *estaminet* was obligatory among travelling scribes. If the partners were absent, the amenities were in the capable hands of their lieutenant, a large myopic gentleman who rejoiced in the name of Meat-Wagon Joe Brown.

Slitkin and Slotkin were bar-keepers with some sporting connections. Their chief extra-curricular enthusiasm was pugilism and, invariably, three or four ambitious and hungry fighters were hanging around the joint. There was little harm in Slitkin and Slotkin's pugilists and their prize-winnings seldom matched their appetites.

Sadly enough, the firm has been dissolved. Slitkin is gnawing his cigars in affluent semi-retirement and Slotkin has descended the social scale to such an extent that he is reported to have become a stockbroker.

All their former customers remember Slitkin and Slotkin as very ethical gents in the field of sports. Slitkin and Slotkin never would cheat a friend and they numbered Promoter Thomas P. Gorman among their friends.

Once, they persuaded Gorman to provide a bout for one of their fighters who, they assured him, was Pierre LeBrun, the featherweight champion of France. Gorman obligingly agreed to feature LeBrun in a Montreal bout. The day of LeBrun's Montreal appearance, Gorman was understandably surprised and indignant when he picked up a newspaper and read a dispatch from Halifax. The newspaper reported that, only the previous night, "Pierre LeBrun, the featherweight champion of France," had kayoed an opponent in Halifax.

With flames spurting from his ears, Gorman telephoned Slitkin. "What are you trying to do to me?" he screamed. "Here I have a bout for your bum in Montreal and I find out that the real Pierre LeBrun has flattened some bum in Halifax."

"Tut-tut-tut," replied Slitkin. "Surely you do not think that I would give you the old switcheroo. That bum who fought in Halifax last night is not the real Pierre LeBrun, featherweight champion of France. In fact, Mr. Gorman, I will let you in on a little secret — neither of these bums is the real Pierre LeBrun, featherweight champion of France."

Ah, that Slitkin was a card.

In those days you could find a horse-room right across the street from the Windsor Hotel. That particular horse-room was operated by our friend, Moe, and you could sit there in comfort all afternoon, losing your money while the announcer on the public-address system described the races at tracks all over the United States.

There may be such a financial institution still operating in Montreal, but we'll bet that it doesn't operate as openly as Moe's little joint. It was one of these horse-rooms that gave birth to the old story, the central figure of which is reported to have been Jimmy Durante.

Durante was sitting in the horse-room one afternoon, betting large

Turofsky

T. P. GORMAN: Indignant.

chunks on the steeds. He was listening to the public-address system but the chargers on which he was wagering were running so poorly that the announcer didn't even have a chance to mention their names as he described the races.

Finally, Durante bet a bundle on a horse named Milk Punch, running at Fair Grounds, New Orleans. The proprietor of the joint sneaked into the back-room to speak to the announcer. "Listen," said The Boss, "we have to give this Durante encouragement or he'll quit betting. He's on Milk Punch in this race so be sure to mention the horse a couple of times. Put him in front of the field on a few calls."

Durante was sitting there when he heard the announcer say: "They're off in the fifth at Fair Grounds." After a pause, the announcer said excitedly: "It's Milk Punch in front by two lengths, followed by Hyperhelio and Smart Sam." Durante was jubilant as he waited for the next call. "At the half, it's still Milk Punch by two lengths, followed by Hyperhelio and Smart Sam."

There was another pause.

"They're going into the turn," came the words from the loudspeaker. "It's Milk Punch by three lengths . . . ." There was uproar among Durante and his camp-followers.

"They're coming into the stretch," boomed the voice from the back-room. "It's Milk Punch leading by six lengths—and, Boss, I ain't *kidding!*"

•

Situation Well In Hand

Oh, great are men's feats and many their talents.
But breathes there a man who's able to balance
A cup of tea and a serviette,
A little pink cake and a cigarette,
A yard of chiffon and a brocade bag
While stooping gracefully down to snag
An errant glove and straighten a seam,
Still talking a bright ebullient stream?

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Business

Planning for Production In Building Aircraft

By ROBERT A. NEALE

WITH THE close of World War II and the subsequent discharge of many thousands of armed services personnel the allied nations geared their industries to meet the needs of peace-time requirements. In particular, the air forces of the free world shrank to a minimum strength of front-line aircraft and consequently, aircraft manufacturers, if they had not entirely closed their doors, were only producing a small number of military and commercial planes.

This situation was true in Canada and the RCAF was equipped with a very small quantity of Second World War aircraft which were fast becoming obsolete.

This position continued until the sudden advent of the so-called "cold war" and the subsequent hostilities in Korea. Faced with the possibility of another major world struggle of ideologies, it well behooved the democracies to establish an up-to-date front-line air force as a deterrent to any potential aggressor. Canada's contribution was to be of a substantial nature.

Canadair, at the request of the Canadian Government, consequently geared its facilities, hitherto harnessed to North Star production, for the manufacture of the famed F-86 Sabre jet and the T-33 jet trainer.

The ever-changing conditions within the aircraft industry present many difficult and challenging problems. Today, the obstacle of the sonic wall has melted before the roaring blast of the jets and ahead lies the thermal barrier—already under assault by the inventive mind of man. Technically, these production problems are being conquered, but to do so within a short and profitable period requires the most detailed planning.

The F-86, and later the T-33 had already been in production for some time at the parent plants when it was decided to produce them in Canada. The engineering design for production and processing was therefore available, as were the complete tool designs.

This method, however, was not without its distinct disadvantages. In both cases, production engineering was tailored to the equipment, processes, and skills that were available in the parent plants.

In addition, all Canadian-built T-33As have been powered by Rolls-Royce Nene engines, in place of the Allison J-33 engine, and this involved major airframe design revisions. At a recent stage in Sabre production, the Orenda engine, designed in Canada, replaced the General Electric J-47 engine, involving even more extensive redesign of the airframe by Canadair.

The replacement engines used were of higher thrust rating than those originally installed. In both cases this involved the design and manufacture of full scale mock-ups and flight test prototypes.

One of the predominant characteristics of aircraft production is change. Manufacturers would like to "freeze designs" but such an act is practically unheard of and consequently a static or fixed plan is seldom realized. Therefore an important factor of the plan must be its flexibility. A prime consideration in producing aircraft is to get them into the hands of those who are to fly them as early as possible and all the factors in the manufacture of such aircraft must be directed to this end.

The fixing of the maximum planned production rate establishes the unit around which the whole manufacturing program is planned. The plan, the plant, the policy and the people are all directly related to this rate.

The next consideration in developing the master plan is to establish a manufacturing breakdown of the aircraft at the planned rate. From a manufacturing viewpoint, the objective will be to divide the aircraft into major assemblies in such a manner that the maximum number of men can be applied concurrently to the aircraft in such component parts in order to reduce the overall flow time.

The forecasting of direct manpower requirements, because it is subject to constant revision, is one of the most difficult planning operations. Manpower forecast is based on a target aircraft—one specified aircraft within a series, whether it is the first, twentieth or one hundredth. The estimate is the usual one based on aircraft weight, number of engineering drawings and analysis of complexity, and a great many other factors.

In 1949, while completing production of North Star aircraft, Canadair had approximately one million six hundred thousand square feet of factory space immediately adjacent to a medium-sized airport. The company had no previous experience with jet aircraft and was not equipped to perform functional tests on a high performance fighter. Based upon both immediate requirements and estimates of the industry's future in Canada it was determined that the plant area would be increased by one million square feet during the ensuing three years. It also meant purchasing 34 major pieces of machinery and general machine tools, representing a total cost of approximately $4 million.

In the latter part of 1949, the quick expansion of facilities brought forward unprecedented problems. To plant number one was added a huge new bay—far larger than was actually needed for the production of the Sabre under the existing contract. In this, the company was looking forward to the future, which could and eventually did, bring an enlarged F-86 contract plus prime contracts for the T-33 and the Maritime Reconnaissance aircraft for the RCAF.

Blueprints for this, the initial extension of the plant, were quickly drawn up and, in the fall of the year, the contractors started excavating. It was planned to complete the necessary foundations for columns and walls prior to freeze-up. This was accomplished. However, due to a bitterly cold winter other excavation work had to be halted. With time at a premium, it was decided to proceed with the construction of the columns, trusses, walls, and the roof during the winter months, deferring the remainder of the excavation until spring. With the completion of the four walls and roof, the extension to the plant became a giant refrigerator—freezing the ground in a huge, solid concrete-like apron. The coming of spring and warmer weather did nothing to alleviate the situation for the walls and roof continued to act as a giant ice-box. Even in the middle of June, the contractors were still excavating tremendous slabs of ice and frozen earth. Drainage sumps, steam pipes and an odd assortment of heating equipment were used to melt the frozen mass—sometimes bringing the inside temperature of the plant to about 80°F.

A curious factor in the whole episode of winter construction was brought to light when cost sheets for the work had been tabulated. During the fall and winter, contract work was highly competitive and as a result, contractors placed their lowest possible bids on a job. Thus, the winter construction work cost no more, and possibly less, than building during the more favorable months of the year.

Within the lines of broad Government and Corporate policy, the policy by which the manufacturing effort is conducted has been formulated by a Manufacturing Management Committee, composed of the Departmental Managers within the Manufacturing Division and the Vice-President. Meetings of the Committee held regularly each week, include as observers, personnel from the Engineering, Financial and Public Relations Divisions, thus effecting the desired degree of co-ordination throughout the company.

SABRE JETS being assembled at the Canadair plant in Montreal.

(Mr. Neale is Vice-President of Manufacturing of Canadair Limited.)

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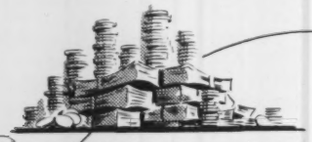

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CIVIL SERVICE OF CANADA

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Consolidated Matarrow

I HAVE BEEN *advised to buy Consolidated Matarrow Mines at 29 cents. Would you give me your opinion on this stock?—P. L. D., Edmundston, NB.*

Consolidated Matarrow stock is presently being marketed under an option agreement which provides for the underwriting of 200,000 shares at 15 cents and options on 800,000 shares in blocks of 200,000 on a scale from 20 to 40 cents.

This promotion has developed out of the acquisition of a group of 16 claims in the Manitouwadge area of Ontario. Whether commercial mineralization exists on this property is a subject for pure conjecture at the present time. They lie some distance to the east of the Geco discovery.

As the price is mainly dependent upon the efforts of the underwriters to "make a market" for the disposal of the stock they have agreed to handle, it is anybody's guess as to whether it is a buy or a short sale here. You "pay your money and take your choice."

Aluminium Limited

I HAVE HELD *shares in Aluminium for quite a number of years. After reading the annual report and noting the decline in earnings to $2.16 per share, I am wondering whether I should sell my stock in favor of investing in bonds. Would you agree with such a move?—W.T.C., Montreal.*

At 52½ the stock has retreated from its test of the 1952 high of 54⅞ and appears to have topped out under the weight of considerable distribution. The decline in earnings per share to $2.16 extends the downtrend in earnings that has brought them from $3.62 in 1950 to $3.19 in 1951 and $2.48 in 1952. This decline in earnings is due, to a considerable extent, to the capital costs that have been written off against net earnings. In 1953 these amounted to $50.6 million. Profits before taxes and depreciation actually showed a slight increase from the $95.2 million of 1952 to $95.8 million. While capital costs of $30 million are expected to be incurred in 1954, there appears to be little margin for hope that any increase in dividend will be entertained this year. The servicing of the funded debt of $236,595,325, together with the indications in the report that the costs of the Kitimat project have been considerably in excess of estimates, point to the necessity of the company conserving capital. This is emphasized by the narrow margin of earnings per share over the present dividend rate of $2.00. In fact, some doubt can be entertained as to the stability of the present dividend rate.

While Kitimat is expected to be in production by mid-year, with a capacity of 91,500 tons, it is considered that the present price level of the stock has discounted this to a considerable degree. Despite the ever increasing uses for aluminum, it is possible that this tonnage may enter a market that is over supplied.

U.S. Defence Mobilizer Flemming announced recently in Washington that, with 80,000 tons of aluminum scheduled for delivery to the stockpile this year, it had been decided to hold up delivery of 42,000 tons of aluminum scheduled for delivery in 1955. This seems to indicate that the U.S. market for aluminum may be over-supplied with metal being diverted from the stockpile at a time when demand is tending to contract.

With the stock yielding, at the present price of 52½, only 3.8 per cent, which is much less than the yield available from high grade bonds, it seems a reasonable move to transfer your capital into a fixed income security of greater price stability at this time rather than waiting for an opportunity to buy at a later date.

A decline in the price to around 40, where the yield would be 5 per cent, would be necessary before the stock again appeared attractive for income.

Acme Gas

I HOLD SHARES *in Acme Gas and Oil that I bought at 16 cents. Would you give me your opinion of this company?—F. A., Kingston, Ont.*

As a small company, with limited interests in various oil areas from Alberta to Texas, and functioning as a holding company, Acme hardly warrants much speculative interest. According to the last report available (1952), the net operating income totalled only $24,822. Much of this income was supplied by dividends from Barymin. Acme holds 185,300 shares in this Company.

As the prospects of the company's growth and the stock's appreciation appear to be small, it is suggested that you dispose of your interest.

Western Potash

HAVING *purchased Western Potash, on a high, is it advisable to sell now at around 33 or to purchase additional shares in order to average my loss?—A. M., Halifax, NS.*

Western Potash was promoted with the thought that the potash deposits around Unity, Saskatchewan, could be easily and quickly developed. This proposition, unfortunately, was delayed and discouraged because the shaft sinking program to reach the potash beds, which lay at a depth of approximately 3,500 feet, was postponed by the problem of overcoming quicksands. It is now understood that this severe engineering problem has

been solved after considerable cost and delay, and that shaft-sinking is now proceeding on a normal basis.

Without a recent balance sheet from which to estimate the company's financial position, it is difficult to make even a guess about the company's position, but we are still of the opinion, as noted in SATURDAY NIGHT of September 5, that refinancing might be necessary before the potash deposits can be commercially developed.

According to the Saskatchewan Government, these deposits are large enough to supply all of Canada and also provide a considerable amount for export. It appears, therefore, that with all optimism gone, the time has now arrived when purchases may be in order. Had the stock been listed on a major exchange its appraisal, from market action, would be much easier and much more public confidence would be held. From what can be ascertained from the occasional bid prices that appear in the unlisted market, it appears that the stock has bottomed out. Considering the possibilities that exist in these potash deposits, additional purchases, to average your position, are warranted at the present level of 30 cents.

Eastern Metals

I HAVE *500 shares of Eastern Metals at a cost of 99 cents. As they have slipped, would you sell or hold?—B. J. M., Vancouver.*

From the chart, this stock appears to be in a rather vulnerable position. At 80 cents, it is just holding above the recent low of 75 and a move to a new low would likely signal an extension of the downtrend.

While a rally is always possible, the recent action indicates that heavy offerings can be expected near the $1.00 mark. A "stop loss" placed just under the low will protect your position against further loss and a rally would provide a selling opportunity.

Rio Prado Oils

I AM CONSIDERING *the purchase of Rio Prado Consolidated Oils convertible bonds. I find the prospectus a little too complicated and I would like to have your opinion as to the merits of these bonds. Do you think they are fairly safe and what are my chances of making a profit from conversion?—T. H. H., Toronto.*

According to the prospectus, the security for these bonds is a first charge upon 1,650,000 barrels of proved, producing oil reserves. The sinking fund clause, which provides for the payment of monthly instalments to the trustee for the purpose of retiring all of the bonds before the maturity date of March 1, 1964, improves the security position.

The conversion privilege, which gives a "call" or option to the holder to convert these bonds into common stock at a price of 75 cents per share, gives the bonds a speculative flavor. Should the stock rise in price above the 75-cent mark, a capital gain can be obtained by exercising the option.

For the short term, the bonds appear to be a fairly attractive purchase; the stock has been holding in a narrow range near 65 cents for some time. The company holds some interesting acreage, with a new discovery well near the Bow Island gas field holding some promise of increasing oil reserves, now reported at 3,060,300 barrels of medium and heavy crudes and some 900,000 barrels of light crude.

In Brief

IS THERE *any future for New Ryan Lake shares purchased at 13 cents?—S. D. M., London, Ont.*

Enough to warrant holding here.

WOULD YOU *please advise if purchase of Cheskirk Gold would be advisable at this time?—J. G., Windsor, Ont.*

It's not.

WOULD YOU *advise me to sell or hold Copper Uranium Ltd.?—J. M. N., Corner Brook, Newfoundland.*

Sell.

CAN YOU GIVE *me any information regarding St. Anthony Gold Mines?—J. B., Burlington, Ont.*

Idle since 1942.

ARE *shares of Laval-Quebec of any value?—R. J. W., Kitchener, Ont.*

As wallpaper.

WOULD *you consider Goldale a buy at the present price of 24 cents?—C. E. A., Toronto.*

No.

IS BOYMAR *a good speculative stock to purchase at the present market of 16 cents for a possible profit?—F. H. F., Toronto.*

Not to me.

HAVING *purchased Nesbitt Labine at 3.60 I am wondering if I should average down at the current market of 1.50?—Mrs. M. D., Toronto.*

Don't.

SHOULD *I buy McLeod Oil at 2 cents for future appreciation or sell it short?—H. P., Chilliwack, BC.*

How short can you get?

ARE SHARES *of Kirana Kirkland of any value?—Mrs. D. M., Montreal.*

No value.

CAN YOU *tell me what happened to Porcupine McNabb Gold Mines?—W. T. C., North Bay, Ont.*

The sheriff sold the property.

CAN YOU *give me any information on Porcupine Kirkland?—A. E. S., Nelson, BC.*

Dormant; shares of no value.

WOULD YOU *advise holding Hamilton Cotton preferred shares?—J. G. E., Kingston, Ont.*

Yes.

I HAVE *some Hollinger for which I paid 14. Would you advise taking a loss here at 13?—N. A. P., Barrie, Ont.*

Hold with a stop loss at 11¼.

•

We regret that the volume of requests for information from Gold & Dross exceeds our capacity to answer them. Readers must confine their inquiries to one stock and must supply their full name and address. Letters without signatures and addresses will not be answered.

Another Record Year For British American Oil

The annual report of The British American Oil Company Limited shows that the year 1953 produced record results in every phase of the Company's business. New highs were reached in sales volume, crude oil production, crude oil reserves, manufacturing throughput and transportation of products.

The Company's net crude oil production in 1953 was 40% greater than in the previous year, and total assets increased by over 13% in the same period. Earnings per common share were $2.40 in 1953 compared with $1.78 in 1952, or an increase of over 34%. We as agents offer:

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President and General Manager

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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Thirty Cents (30c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April, 1954, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of May next, to shareholders of record of 31st March, 1954.

By Order of the Board.

JOHN S. PROCTOR,
General Manager.

Toronto, 10th March, 1954.

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Who's Who in Business

Smooth and Active Partnership

By J. W. Bacque

SUCCESS in the textile business has been a short but prevalent tradition in the family of Robert Bruck. At 35, Mr. Bruck is executive vice-president of Bruck Mills Ltd., of Montreal. His brother, Gerald, 39, is president, and the father, the late Isaac Bruck, was a prosperous silk wholesaler and manufacturer who established Canada's first silk mill in 1921. The brothers work closely together; Robert Bruck says they form "a wonderful business team".

Mr. Bruck was born in Long Island and received his high school education there. He spent three years at the University of Virginia before coming to Canada to enter his father's business. He worked here until 1942, when he returned to the U.S. to join the Coast Guard. He was a petty officer on destroyers for three years, and saw action in the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

Arnott, Rogers & Sauer
ROBERT J. BRUCK

In 1945 he rejoined the expanding Bruck Mills, taking charge of the company's export department. A large part of Europe's textile-producing capacity had been disabled or destroyed during the war, and Bruck's began sending its fabrics all over the world. "In many countries, we were the first company to offer fabrics after the war," Mr. Bruck says. There was such a demand in Australia that, in 1947, a subsidiary plant was set up there. Mr. Bruck has just returned from this plant, and he is enthusiastic about the success of the Australian mill which, in 1953, turned out seven million yards of all types of cloth. Mr. Bruck is also enthusiastic about Milium, an insulated fabric for which the company holds the exclusive franchise in Canada and Australia. "In ten years," he says, "half the outer garments in this country will be lined with Milium."

The main Bruck factory at Cowansville is unique in the industry. In one 16-acre plant, the whole textile manufacturing process is complete, from weaving through printing, dyeing, throwing and finishing. Bruck's other Canadian plants and offices are located in Quebec at St. Johns, Sherbrooke and Montreal. Altogether the company employs 1,700 workers. Although the firm makes no attempt to set trends in fashion, all its patterns are original, and a staff of designers is maintained. Production of rayon fabrics is the second highest in Canada, and last year 15 million yards of material of all kinds were turned out.

A 25-acre estate at Brome Lake, Quebec, near the Vermont border, is the summer home of the Brucks. There, with his wife Arlene, and the two children, seven-year-old Margaret, and Nancy, aged four, Robert Bruck relaxes by photographing the deer and pheasant which live on the wooded slopes, or by sailing the family's 19-foot sloop. "It's really a beautiful place," he says, "and the children get a great kick out of it during the summer. You can see the green hills of Vermont across the tree-tops."

Both the Cowansville and the Sherbrooke plants are within easy driving distance of Brome Lake, and Mr. Bruck is able to commute from there. "I try to make my summer home my base of operations," he says. "I'm always running around to one place or another."

Mr. and Mrs. Bruck are both fairly active in community affairs. Mrs. Bruck is intensely interested in music, and has been connected with *Les Concerts Symphoniques* in Montreal for some time. Mr. Bruck admits, somewhat sheepishly, that he does not share her enthusiasm. He was co-ordinator of the corporate division of the Combined Jewish Appeal in 1953. He also serves as a director of the Jewish Vocational Service, which helps young high school and university men find suitable jobs.

The expansion of the business since the war has kept him extremely busy, but he feels the increasing strength of the company has been a satisfactory reward. Now, the most complete line of textiles in the company's history is being produced; from natural as well as synthetic fibres, dress and sportswear fabrics, rayon suitings, gabardines, drapery and upholstery materials, mattress coverings and lastex are being made. Despite the difficulties of operating in today's vigorously competitive textile industry, Bruck Mills has maintained an excellent sales volume. Mr. Bruck gives much of the credit for the company's success to the smooth and active partnership that he and his brother carry on.

TRAVEL

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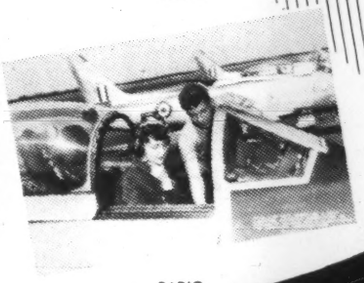

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Food

By Bevis Walters

MANY a man who has spent much time, money and energy in a search for the Elixir of Life, has wearied of his purpose and settled for a lobster.

Gastronomical analysts agree that of all the creatures which live on land or water, the ones which make the most stimulating foods are those found in the various groups known as Molluscs, Cetaceans, Bivalves and Crustaceans. It is a sluggish system indeed that does not react quickly after a meal made from any one of these groups, eaten alone or washed down with appropriate wine. The genus Crustacean in general, and species Lobster in particular, seems to rank highest in the group that are most beneficial as a replacement or a recuperative diet for human beings.

When preparing a dish of lobster, unless otherwise specifically stated, you should keep the lobster alive right up to the moment of use. Then, either drop it head first into boiling water, or place it in a pot of salted water and bring to the boil slowly. Some experiments were made several years ago by the Jersey Marine Biological Laboratory, at the request of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to determine the kindest method and the latter seems the best.

While *Lobster à la Newburg* and *Lobster Thermidor* seem to be top favorites, there are many other enticing ways of cooking lobster. In my case, this is lobster prepared in the manner known as *Homard à la Sybarite*, a dish I discovered years ago, when dining in one of those small but good restaurants in Brussels. To me it was lobster in its perfection and I begged the proprietor to permit me to watch the dish in preparation.

The chef first selected two medium sized onions and three carrots which he chopped up into small pieces. These he browned in butter, afterwards adding some chopped parsley and some thyme. Then a lobster, which had already been boiled and cooled, was cut into small pieces, added to the browned vegetables and cooked over a low flame until well browned, more butter being added as required. Some pinches of paprika were added a few minutes before cooking was completed.

Then a bottle of champagne was poured in. The dish was covered and allowed to stand for forty minutes, after which it was strained and served with a little of the liquid used as a sauce.

It is wise when buying lobsters to buy medium sized rather than large or small, for in the medium size the flesh is just right for cooking, being neither too tender nor too coarse.

There is a distinct affinity between lobster and sherry, particularly the paler types of sherry, and any lobster dish will be improved by marinating in sherry before serving.

Boiled lobster cubes, soaked in sherry, then fried in butter are out of this world.

women

NAVY *and white for Spring, in a silk shantung dress by Ben Reig, with zigzag stripes that taper subtly towards the waistline. Belts are still important to the full-skirted dress, shown here with unpressed pleats that create an air of studied casualness.*

Conversation Pieces:

DON'T BE A SNOB about modern designs, *The Stylist,* a trade magazine, cautions. "Traditional as well as modern furniture may have, or lack, refinement, depending upon its original source, the skill of the designer who adapts it, and the way it is finally crafted. Don't snub modern because it is contemporary. Approach it with an open mind. Let it stand on its own in your affections." And just to prove the point, we have shown a few modern pieces of furniture on the following page.

New Presidents: Mrs. E. W. Sansom, Fredericton, of the Women's Progressive Conservative Association of Canada; Mrs. Gordon Graham, Winnipeg, of the Rebekah Assembly of Manitoba.

Contralto Marilyn Duffus, of Moose Jaw, won the $50 bursary offered by the Wednesday Musicale of Winnipeg.

A 50th anniversary should be celebrated heartily, but we thought the famed Explorers' Club of New York was over-doing it at their 50th anniversary dinner, when they sat down to eat fried termite eggs from the Congo, crocodile eggs from the Amazon, dried yak from Tibet and bear, walrus, caribou and seal meat from the Arctic.

Mrs. Doris Hedges, the Montreal novelist who was born in Lachine, Que., told us she wrote her two novels—although her own inclination is to write poetry—because she felt too few Canadians wrote "about the right side of the tracks". Her first novel, *Dumb Spirit,* and her new one, *Elixir* (both are published by McClelland & Stewart) are set in a well-to-do section of Montreal and both are satires. There are no pioneers or lower town characters in either of them. She has recently signed a contract with a U.S. publisher for a long religious poem. Its theme is to be the regeneration of man, after a hypothetical disaster has struck the earth.

Mrs. J. S. McDiarmid, wife of Manitoba's Lieutenant-Governor, has accepted the honorary presidency of the Girl Guides in Manitoba; at the annual meeting, Mrs. R. F. T. Greer, Provincial Commissioner, announced that Manitoba now has 6,274 guides, an increase of 1,200 over the previous year.

Women stand cold better than men for a reason women will not appreciate. They have a thin layer of fat under the skin, which acts as an insulation agent. Men don't.

Fashion editor Marie Moreau, of the *Vancouver Province,* interviewed Gloria Swanson recently in Vancouver. Said Marie: "For a woman who spent $50,000 a year on clothes in her hey-day when she earned the dazzling figure of $1 million a year, she has a wealth of fashion ideas that she now puts to work in her designing." Grandmother Swanson is a dress designer now. One of her beliefs is that older women worry too much about clothes being too young for them. "If a style is becoming to you," Miss Swanson said, "it's right for you regardless of your age."

When the Petroleum Wives' Club of Regina decided to entertain the members' husbands, they wrote a play about the oil business and called it *For Whom the Oil Blows.* The heroine never manages to be in one place long enough to unpack her wedding presents.

Weddings: Lucie Grenier, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. J. N. E. Grenier, to Claude Legare, both of Montreal; Mary Stuart of Texas, to Bruce Yorke, of the Bermudiana Theatre and the Peterborough Summer Theatre; Anita Garneau, daughter of Alphonse Garneau, QC, to Edward Baillargeon, both of Quebec City; Shirley Mary Pauline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Pauline, grand-daughter of the late Hon. James A. Macdonald, former Chief Justice of BC and of the Hon. F. A. Pauline, former Agent-General for BC, to Thomas Irvine Cormack, both of Victoria; Dorothy W. Vey, of St. John's, Newfoundland, to Capt. Lawrence Martin Hanway, MC, of Halifax and Amherst.

Don't be a "putter-offer"

Millions have changed to Tampax sanitary protection — why not you?

Some people act. And some people think about acting. They are full of things they plan to do, places they intend to go, products they mean to try. And they miss out on a lot!

It's nobody's business but yours whether or not you decide to adopt Tampax. But don't waver about it! Don't keep on saying (even to yourself): "Some day I really must try Tampax." If you've gone that far in your own mind, try it! It's scarcely a bit more revolutionary than changing your hairstyle.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
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NO ODOR

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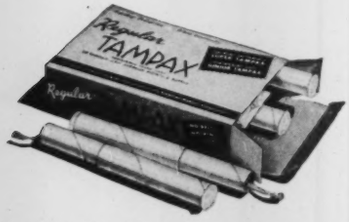

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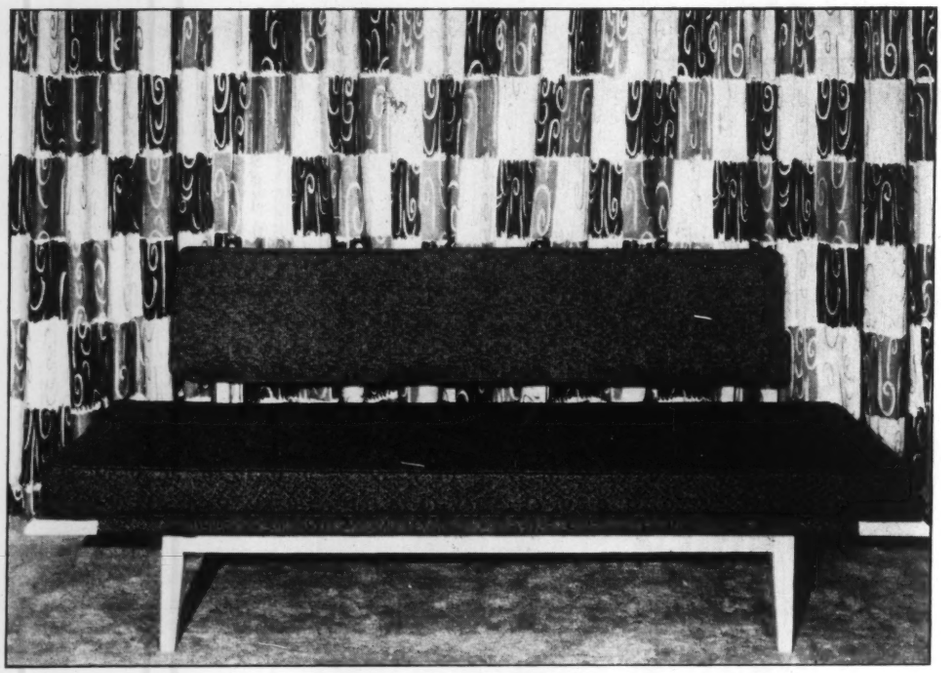

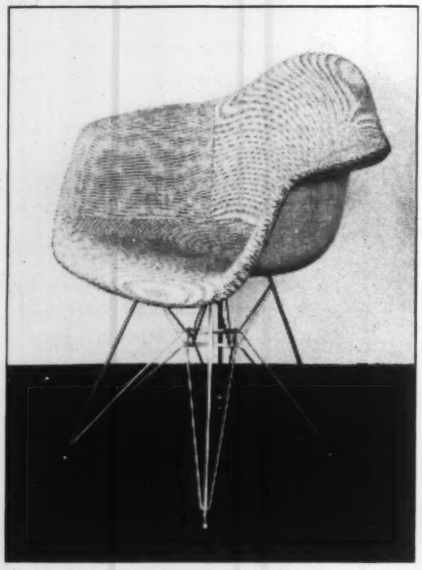

Contemporary Flair
in living-room furniture

MODERN designs in furniture are distinguished by simplicity and utility, as the photographs on this page (taken at Eaton's College Street store in Toronto) demonstrate. At top is a tailored sofa ($209.50), in the new combination of air-spaced upholstery and plain wood trim—with airfoam seat and back, of course. The contour chair ($79.50) is extremely light, with its pressed layers of cotton tweed on the surface, rubber inter-lining and plastic bottom. The chromium-plated base is in the modern vogue of fragile underpinnings.

The chair and table are Jens Risom designs, now made in Canada. The semi-bucket chair ($199.50) has a shaped seat and the wood is natural maple. The solid walnut table ($139) has the new offset top and a glass tray. And something new in the way of wall-covering is the Abacca matting that is always used by Jens Risom as a background for his furniture. It is sold by the bolt.

Photos: Eaton's Commercial Studio

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Homes

IN A new book, *Good Taste in Home Decoration* (McLeod, $6.95), Donald MacMillan has a good deal to say about modern furniture—the kind of furniture photographed on the opposite page.

"Modern furniture is — paradoxically—looking more and more like traditional furniture, in the sense that fine craftsmanship, moulded and sculptured lines, and lightness and sophisticated elegance are now the standards set by the best models. This furniture has a handcrafted look, though made by machine, quantity production. Typical are the designs coming from Denmark and Italy. In almost all cases, this furniture is created by architect-designers. . .

"Less obviously 'designer' furniture are the numerous seasonal groups from several of the great mass production furniture houses who specialize in good, clean lines and a great deal of honest, deep-cushioned comfort. This furniture is characterized by more weight—both visual and actual. This does not mean a return to the clumsy, over-stuffed modern chair of the twenties and thirties. There is still some of that around, too, but it is easy to avoid.

"A small group of modern furniture has the formless or free-form look of many surrealist symbols . . . and a final category applies to a growing class of furniture which combines metal and plywood. . . This school believes in exposing all structure and subscribes to the theory that much beauty comes from plain, unadorned function."

Mr. MacMillan goes on to say that certain trends are apparent, even though modern furniture is in an experimental stage; he points out that it is "designed to be seen in the room, from all sides". This is due to "the prevalence of the glass-house type of thinking. For every wall of glass, there is one less wall against which to place furniture in the traditional way." Another trend is that "furniture is smaller and lighter. Much of the newest has a floating look contrived by separating upholstery as much as possible from its supporting wood framework, of supporting case pieces on the thinnest possible metal legs."

• •

It's Your Move!

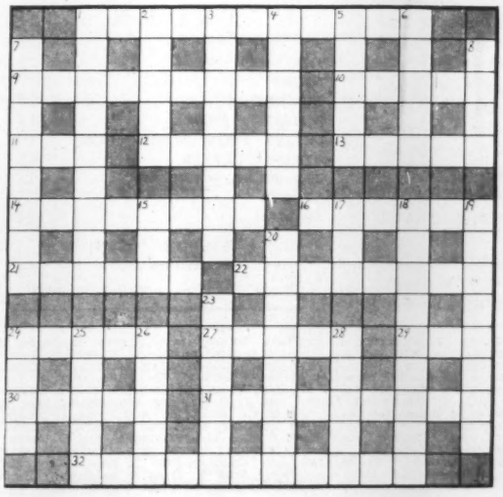
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. The look of 22? (11)
9. Nu? (9)
10. Do they go to quack doctors for laryngitis? (5)
11. He's one in a hundred! (3)
12. Mail a poem of Keats. (5)
13. A 8, to roll in, perhaps. (5)
14. Introducing eggs doesn't spoil the warmth of these receptions. (8)
16. Main cause of milk-white foam? (3-3)
21. Tennyson suggests a late call at this time may delay a coronation. (3-3)
22. Mr. U. Pansé is hardly a suitable name for him! (8)
24. These, to hand, do not require settling. (5)
27. The thin edge of the wedge holds both of them. (5)
29. To nullify its value, give it less. (3)
30. Count Francesco at a hundred, came to a sort of nice end (!) in Shelley's tragedy. (5)
31. Laius suffered it at the hands of Oedipus. (9)
32. Instituted, perhaps, to make one who is not liberal, see the error of his ways? (11)

DOWN

1. It's missing if the nursery rhyme reads "Mary, M." (9)
2. 24. As a writer she was a precious thing, with only a dollar to her name. (5, 4)
3. Did the miner get shifted to one? (8)
4. List that straightened the drunkard's list? (6)
5. Vedic god of wind, rain and tempest. (5)
6. Santa and Satan are, in short. (5)
7. Porridge needs space to expand so rapidly. (8)
8. By the sound of it, I'll land in the water. (4)
15. Her letters are not even numbered in 4 and 5. (3)
17. It's weewee without being extremely small. (3)
18. It takes more than a deep breath to fill this chest. (9)
19. No mad connection with one of his kind. (8)
20. I rub a gal the wrong way. (8)
23. "One 26 of . . . . . makes the whole world wrin-kle up its nose". (6)
24. See 2.
25. Empress with barnacles? (5)
26. See 23. (5)
28. Where goils become colleens? (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Tonsils
5. Warfare
9. Ropes
10. Regiments
11. Air base
12. Amateur
13. Shifting
14. Fenced
17. Tights
19. Below par
23. Introit
25. Ordered
26. Sharpened
27. Negro
28. Yielded
29. Dilated

DOWN

1. Tartars
2. No parking
3. Instant
4. Sergeant
5. Wigwam
6. Rampage
7. Annie
8. Ensured
15. Copyright
16. Recorded
17. Thirsty
18. Trooped
20. Ordinal
21. Radioed
22. Stoned
24. Thane

(308)

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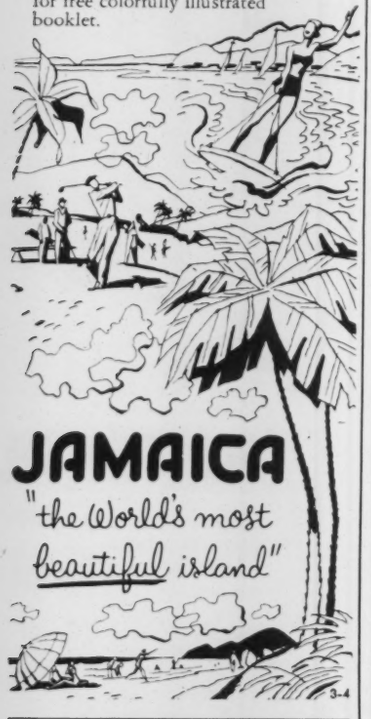

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Letters

Over Thirty

YOU HAVE some clumsy fun with the decision of an American airline company to employ only hostesses who are under 32 years of age . . . But it is a fact that once a woman passes 30, still without a husband and a home to look after, she tends to be sour and pig-headed. The chances are she will be unco-operative, stubborn, snobbish and generally nasty. Other people find it particularly difficult to work harmoniously with her. She seems to have the attitude that life has handled her roughly, that she has by some evil chance been denied the favors bestowed on her happily married sisters . . . I think the airline was very wise. Incidentally, I am over 30 and unmarried.

Halifax MARY ELLEN HAMILTON

Recognition

IN YOUR Ottawa Letter, your Front Page and everywhere else, you try to create the impression that recognition of Red China is inevitable. In so doing, you are not fulfilling the functions of a free press, which is to inform, not to persuade. Your line of reasoning seems to be: an evil exists, we can do nothing at the moment to change it, therefore let us recognize it as a virtue. What could be more immoral? . . . No matter what Prime Minister St. Laurent may say, the Chinese people did not choose a Communist government. It was forced on them by Russian arms. To recognize that government would be to recognize the justice of injustice and to admit that might makes right . . .

Montreal JEAN-PAUL LAJEUNESSE

Religion in School

THERE ARE basic religious truths common to all sects and creeds and they need to be taught to children and youth. There is no need whatever to give such teaching a sectarian slant. I have taught religion to children of Jewish, Roman and Greek Catholic as well as various Protestant groups and have given no offence nor received any complaints.

If Helen Tracy desires more good Mohammedans, Buddhists and Hindus, she ought to know that they come because these religions have not divorced education of the so-called secular sort from religious authority and influence as, for instance, our country has done.

The World Brotherhood for which she longs, as we all do, does not come from a vacuum of wishful thinking nor from a culturing of the human spirit alone, but from a recognition of and obedience to the God of our Christian faith. You cannot produce apples without a tree . . .

Toronto (REV.) HERBERT S. COBB

THE GHANDI theory, quoted by Miss Helen Tracy in your March 20 issue, will not "hold water" in the light of the Master's declaration in John 14:6, namely: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me". This certainly disposes of the all roads—one destination view.

Westmount, Que. N. A. MCARTHUR

Larwood's Bowling

I WAS interested to read Jim Coleman's article in your issue of March 20. No doubt there are Australians who will reply to his comments on the manners of Australian crowds. As an Englishman I should just like to correct his statements about Jardine and Larwood. Jardine did not "in a shameful display of timidity . . . placate the Australians by declining to play Larwood in subsequent matches". On the contrary, he stuck to his guns and in the last Test Match Larwood bowled more than any other English bowler. Nor was Harold Larwood a left-hander as your correspondent states but one of the greatest fast right-hand bowlers the world has known.

Ottawa J. B. HUNT

Wednesday Night

I WISH to reply to H. Mitchell's letter in your issue of March 13 with regard to CBC Wednesday Night. I am especially inspired to cross swords with him after the recent O'Neill broadcast. Can he seriously say that no manager in his senses would produce *Mourning Becomes Electra?* This beautifully done extract was so exciting I shall never forget it. And what about the Shakespeare plays? And the recent broadcast of Traviata?

With regard to music—I am no musician, but I agree with a conductor who said recently that "more and more people are listening to less and less music". I am frankly bored with repetition and the lesser known works one hears on CBC Wednesday night are a great treat. . .

Finally why does Mr. Mitchell continue to listen to CBC Wednesday Night? The CBC provides him with alternatives.

Toronto (MRS.) ISOBEL SANKEY

Of Many Things

YOU REFER to women reaching beauty at 30 and wisdom at 35 years. You are much too liberal in your estimate, much too kind to the female sex. You would find it difficult to justify your conclusion on any count . . . Women are beautiful (a few of them) only by the chance of nature; they are wise never. They may be indispensable for pleasure, breeding and housekeeping; outside those activities, they should be seen and not heard. In the words of William James, woman is "the unreasoning animal that pokes the fire from the top" . . .

Winnipeg EVERETT JAMES

YOU SPEAK of man as "the dirtiest animal" in your Front Page editorial of March 27, a nasty indictment but justifiable. Our pollution of rivers and the air of our cities is evidence enough, but when municipal authorities do nothing about reclaiming sewage and turning it to commercial gain as fertilizer we add stupidity to carelessness. At very little capital outlay most communities could add to their sewage disposal plants a unit which would convert all sorts of waste materials to profitable use. Canadian cities lag far behind many American centres in adopting such methods. We prefer apparently to wallow in our own filth.

Lethbridge, Alta. DEREK BURROWS

IN The Backward Glance, March 13, the writer asked if anyone had ever known or heard of anyone with the Christian name of "Rudyard".

Actually, there are two of us named Rudyard; one, a high school principal in Victoria, B.C., a Rudyard Thomas, and I, Rudyard Bruce. We are both in St. John Ambulance work as teachers and have been for many years. It is good to know that Kipling fans will always be among us. I had some years ago to remove my telephone listing owing to many calls for *The Women* or *Gunga Din*. Even children called re *Jungle Stories*. Who can read his *Actions and Reactions* or *The Day's Work* and not believe in his modernity?

Vancouver RUDYARD B. KIPLING

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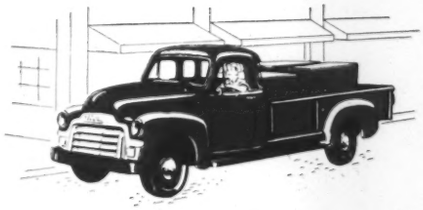

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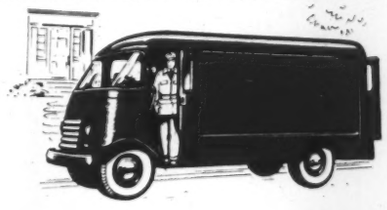

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